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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

April 29, 1930
Vol. 36 No. 845

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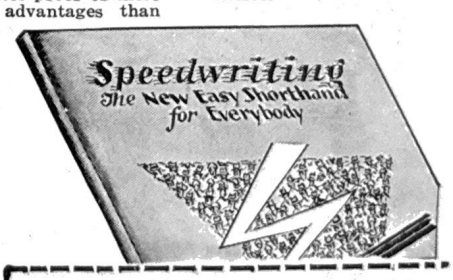

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Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor — ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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Such Men Are Dangerous

By ETHEL ROSEMON

It was the most fashionable wedding of the season and it united the loveliest member of the younger set to one of the richest men in the world.

IT WAS the most fashionable wedding of the season and it united the loveliest member of the younger set to one of the richest men in the world. Yet the bride, Elinor Robertson, went through the service mechanically, her whole mind concentrated upon making her lips say the words against which her whole heart rebelled. She was now a success in the eyes of her world, especially in the eyes of her older sister, Muriel Wyndham, who had dinned the gospel of wealth into her ears as long as she could remember. The rope of pearls about her neck, delivered by the bridegroom's secretary just before the ceremony, proclaimed that she had achieved—yet how heavy it seemed, as heavy as the bonds that now held her fast. She was glad when the guests had stopped pouring their congratulations upon her and she could retire to her own room and drop the forced smile that had curved her lips all evening, drop it together with the wedding gown that, to her tortured mind, had taken on the semblance of stripes, prisoner's stripes. When the maid had laid out her negligee and left her alone, her eyes wandered about the perfectly appointed room her husband had prepared for her and came to rest on the large picture that hung opposite her bed. Then she stood spellbound, held by the ugliness of the face that looked down at her, the eyes that seemed trying to pierce the world from behind the heavy lenses of the glasses, the stern set of the lips beneath the repellent moustache, the protruding chin with its pointed goatee. How she hated goatees! And this was the face of the bridegroom, the man who even at this minute was preparing to demand from her the fulfillment of the vows her lips had made at the altar. For a moment she seemed hypnotized by its very ugliness, then she shuddered as if awaking from an

This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the story by Elinor Glyn. Ernest Vajda wrote the scenario and dialogue and Kenneth Hawks directed, with Warner Baxter appearing as Ludwig Kranz, Catherine Dale Owen as Elinor, Albert Conti as Paul Strohm, Hedda Hopper as Muriel Wyndham, Claude Allister as Frederick Wyndham and Bela Lugosi as Doctor Erdmann.

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ugly dream. She couldn't go through with it, no matter what Muriel said, no matter how society gossiped.

Five minutes later, Paul Strohm, secretary to the great Ludwig Kranz, who held the financial world in the palm of his hand, was amazed to see a cloaked figure steal down the corridor like a frightened child. He held out a detaining hand and she turned to him hysterically.

"I must get away from here," she sobbed.

"But, Mrs. Kranz, what is wrong?" he queried anxiously. "Perhaps I can help you."

"No, no, no one can help me." She pushed him aside with a frantic gesture. "Let me go."

He was prepared for his employer's excited summons a moment after he had entered his bride's room:

"Paul! Paul!" With white lips he questioned him. "She left?" he repeated in a daze. "But why, Paul, why? Haven't I given her everything that a woman could wish for? Well, well—then why?" He turned sharply and stood face to face with his mirrored self. Then, as if seeing that reflection for the first time, he walked closer to the mirror. In his ears echoed the words of the giggling little flapper who had stood at the edge of the group as they left the church:

"Not for all the money in the world would I marry a man with a face like that."

"Go to my study. I will join you there in a few minutes," he instructed Strohm.

Left alone, he stood as if turned to stone, gazing alternately from the mirror to the picture on the wall, and the eyes behind the heavy lenses grew hard, the lips more determined. When he confronted his secretary again, there was something about him that was more awe-inspiring than ever his wealth and power had been.

"Take some notes," he commanded abruptly. "I shall want my airplane ready at nine-thirty in the morning. I will attend to my bags myself. I want one hundred thousand pounds deposited in the Deutsche Bank in Berlin to the credit of—to the credit of Pierre Villard—and the same amount in the bank of France—also to the credit of Pierre Villard. From now on, Paul, you are at the head of the Kranz industries. This gives you full power." He handed him a slip of paper.

"For how long, Mr. Kranz?" the secretary ventured.

"Until I return."

"As your secretary, I will carry out your orders without question." Strohm promised, "but, as your friend, am I not entitled to know what you are planning to do?"

Ludwig softened at the genuine concern in the other's voice.

"As my friend, you will not ask," he said quietly. "Yesterday I had everything in the world a man could wish for, money, power and, I thought, the love of a woman I loved. Now that's gone."

"If she means so much to you, why don't you ask her to come back?" Paul suggested.

"Ludwig Kranz never asks anything from anyone." The old sternness had returned. "Goodby, Paul. You shall hear from me."

Their hands met in a grip of understanding, then the man hurried from the room.

Muriel insisted that she would take care of the booth while Elinor entertained Pierre Villard.

THE next day the evening papers of the world had a new sensation to spread over their first pages. Ludwig Kranz, deserted by his bride on the night of his marriage, had committed suicide from his plane while flying over the English Channel. That was when it had happened, the pilot was sure, for he had ordered him to fly at an altitude of three thousand feet while crossing the water. And still Muriel insisted that her young sister had contracted a most successful marriage. She was now a widow—and had one million pounds to her credit as was attested to by the bank book which Kranz had had his secretary deliver to her at the wedding reception. Elinor insisted she would not touch a penny of it but Muriel only smiled. She would feel differently about it later.

MONTHS passed. The world still referred occasionally to the strange suicide of Ludwig Kranz and Paul Strohm, hoping against hope, still waited anxiously for some word from his employer. At first, he did not believe in the suicide story, nor did Elinor. In her opinion, money was Kranz's god—even his wedding gift had been presented by his secretary with none of the tender words that accompany such a ceremony; he would not give his life for love. Then, one day, when Paul was beginning to despair, he was mysteriously summoned to the office of a Dr. Erdmann in Berlin. He obeyed the summons wonderingly—and eagerly. The doctor informed him that the man who wished to see him was awaiting him in his private office. As he entered, a figure in a dressing-gown turned from pouring a glass of liquor and greeted him with a nod.

"You handled the affairs of the late Ludwig Kranz, did you not?" the man asked.

"Late?" Paul repeated.

"He's dead, isn't he?" the other queried.

"I hope not." The secretary's voice was emphatic in its sincerity.

"Well, isn't it a relief not to have him about any more?" the man suggested. "I have heard that he was arrogant, selfish, a tyrant. It must have been hard to work for him."

Paul drew himself up indignantly.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I resent very much the way you talk about Mr. Kranz. He was not only my employer but, I am proud to say, my friend. May I ask you what you know about him?"

"I happen to know of some properties that the Kranz Airlines is about to purchase outside of Berlin. I—"

Paul wheeled about suddenly.

"Again I beg your pardon," he said sternly. "Good day, sir."

He turned to the door but the other's hands grasped him firmly by the shoulders.

"Paul," he cried, "you don't recognize me, do you? Did you deposit one hundred thousand pounds in the Deutsche Bank to the credit of Pierre Villard as I told you?"

"Ludwig!" There was such sincere joy in the cry that the other's eyes grew misty. "It is unbelievable but—but how?" His gaze wandered from the clear eyes, the smooth face, down the slender, youthful figure that bore no semblance to the former Ludwig Kranz.

"Dr. Erdmann is a great surgeon," his employer explained simply.

"Oh, Ludwig, I am so happy to see you alive, to find you again! I worried so much! Why didn't you let me know what you were going to do?"

"I couldn't, Paul. I couldn't confide in any one. I had to make my arrangements with total strangers."

"But what happened after you disappeared from the plane?" the secretary asked curiously.

"I had a parachute and a life belt. I fell into the Channel and was picked up by a boat I had stationed there. The rest was simple."

"Why didn't you let me know you were alive?"

"I wanted a test, Paul," Kranz said. "I wanted to be sure that even you wouldn't recognize me. Pierre Villard wants to get the things out of life that Ludwig Kranz never could get. Paul, I'm going to need you more than ever now." He placed his hands affectionately on the other's shoulders. "I want you to teach me all those little things to say and do that I never wanted to learn before." He paused, then, "Paul, where is Mrs. Kranz?"

"She's living in Paris."

"From here we go to Paris."

THE entire French capital was concentrating its energies upon the big event of the season, the charity bazaar. Men of wealth from all over the world were spending freely to make the affair a success, while presiding over the booths were the fairest visitors to the world's playground—and none was lovelier or more popular than the young English widow, Mrs. Ludwig Kranz, who had charge of the dolls. Seeing the rapidity with which her wares sold, a young French nobleman sought her aid in attracting customers to his booth. The proposition he made met with her hearty disapproval until he reminded her pleadingly:

"But, Madame, it's for the poor orphans—please," then, with a shy smile, she consented. He led her to his booth and helped her up on the table. "Come, come," he commanded the attention of the guests idling over refreshments. "I have a surprise for you—especially for the gentlemen. Now with this gargoyle"—he held up the grotesquely carved image—"goes a kiss from this beautiful lady."

The men crowded around, their eyes fixed on Elinor's lovely, blushing face. None had any use for the ugly gargoyle but with the "special offer" it suddenly became very desirable. The bidding started, raised higher and higher by a handsome, dark-eyed man who at once made his way to the

(Continued on page 22)

"You're not Ludwig Kranz. He would have taken his revenge. You're Pierre, my Pierre."

"Go back to your room," Summers commanded sternly, his drink-heavy eyes staring menacingly into the frightened ones of the pale-faced girl.

Vengeance

JOHN MEADHAM could scarcely conceal his amazement as he acknowledged the introduction to Mrs. Summers, wife of the member of the British West African Trading Company, who, at his urgent and repeated requests that he be relieved of his duties, had been sent out to the post in the jungle to take his place. When he had been notified by the home office that Charles Summers would be accompanied by his wife, he had received the news with a feeling akin to horror. The blacks, themselves, suffered from the heat and diseases of the jungle; it was no place for a white man; certainly no white woman should be forced to live under such torturing conditions. When Meadham had been discussing her arrival with his two friends, known simply as the Doctor and the Ambassador, he had pictured her as a hatchet-faced English woman who would insist upon photographs of herself, posed on a dead rhinocerous, would write a book about Africa and tell the women's clubs at home that the Tropics were greatly exaggerated. She would have large, capable hands and short, black hair, and she probably wouldn't feel the heat at all. And here she was, a delicate blonde with wide blue-gray eyes, feminine to her fingertips. She looked weary and worn from the trip and, even in this short time, the heat was beginning to take its toll. How could any man in his right senses think of transplanting such a fragile flower from her native English soil to the torrid jungle? His keen, scrutinizing eyes turned to the husband who stood mopping his brow irritably and gazing with disgust around the shack that was to be his home and immediately Meadham formed his opinion of the new manager of the post. He had not the stamina to stand the life that was opening before him. But why should he care? Summers's coming meant his passport back to civilization after five years of exile. It meant clean laundry, regular baths, ice that tinkled in glasses, the companionship of white women, Hyde Park with its tulips. Yes, indeed, why should he care? But he did. His heart went out in sympathy at that first dinner when he saw the girl toying with her food, trying to swallow it, trying to hide her revulsion at the butter that had to be dished out with a spoon, tried not to notice the tropical bugs that flew around the table and into the food in spite of the screening designed to keep them out of the shack, attempted to gloss over her husband's outspoken disgust with everything about the place, his biting criticism of the way the post was run, his cocksure certainty that things would be different under his management—even the food, the heat and the bugs. He felt sorry for her the succeeding days when she did not leave her room and he had a keen conception of what she was suffering.

"She shouldn't stay in bed like this," he remarked to the Doctor. "Is she ill?"

"Nothing serious," the other replied. "She feels the heat and, after all, I can't do any more than

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the story by Ralph Graves, produced by Harry Cohn, with continuity and dialogue by F. Hugh Herbert. Archie Mayo directed, with Jack Holt appearing as John Meadham, Dorothy Revier as Margaret Summers, Philip Strange as Charles Summers, George Pearce as the Doctor, Hayden Stevenson as the Ambassador and Irma A. Harrison as Nidia.

By
ROSEMARY LEE

Meadham helped Margaret down the ladder on her first step back to civilization and home.

suggest that she get up. This is no place for a white woman," he concluded solemnly.

"Well, she's got to be roused." With a determined stride, Meadham crossed the room and knocked at her door. "Are you ill?" he questioned as his quick glance rested on the pale face against the pillows. Margaret Summers, amazed that a man had entered her room in response to her, "Come in," sat up in bed and pulled the sheet about her bare shoulders. She started to speak but he interrupted bruskly, "I know—but, if no one else will, I've got to tell you that you can't lie here and swelter. And, if you give into that inclination in the beginning, you're licked at the start. I know how you feel, but you've got to get up." Again she started to speak but he went on unheedingly, "Are you taking quinine?"

"Will you please leave my room?" she managed finally.

"Mrs. Summers, there is no use having a silly argument," he told her. "It's obvious that you don't understand this place or you never would have come down here." From the back of a chair he took her clothes and tossed them onto the bed. "Come on now, get up and dress," he urged. "You'll feel better."

There was a sound at the doorway and Meadham turned to gaze into the face of Charles Summers, deathly white in its fury.

"Cover yourself up," he commanded, pointing to Margaret's shoulders from which the sheet had fallen. Then he turned on Meadham. "What are you doing in my wife's room?"

"I'm just trying to do what you haven't the sense to do, make her get up. If you weren't such a fool—"

"You keep your nose out of my affairs," the husband interrupted angrily, "and keep to your own quarters."

Further argument was cut short by the Ambassador's urgent call for Meadham. Summers, with his new ideas of management, had whipped a black boy for stealing a blanket and the tribe was infuriated. The sound of tom-toms came menacingly to the ears of those within the shack. Such sounds always meant danger, and experience had taught Meadham the necessity of placating the natives without delay. When he ran out on the compound and raised his hand for attention, they quieted down at once. He pointed out to the boy that it was wrong to steal but that, if he really wanted a blanket, he would give him one. In the future he must remember always to ask, never to take.

Returning to the shack, he emphasized to Summers the danger of treating the blacks the way he had started out to do. They must, of course, be ruled firmly but under no circumstances with a whip. They were loyal to those they respected but never forgot an injury. But Summers only grew irritated at his advice. Finally he flared up:

"Oh, I'm sick of hearing you preach, Meadham, and I'm getting tired of seeing you around. Why the devil don't you clear out? From now on, I'm going to do things as I see fit. I'm running this post."

"Don't worry," Meadham assured him, "I'm going when my month's up. But, until then, I'm responsible for what happens down here."

THAT very night Margaret woke up with a feeling that some one was watching her and, to her horror, saw a black face peering in at the net-

enclosed window. She called to her husband but failed to arouse him and, when she jumped up and ran over to his side, she knew the reason—at his hand stood an empty whisky bottle. Hastily donning a robe, she staggered across to Meadham's room where, in the shaft of light from the open door, she could see him pacing restlessly back and forth. He turned at her entrance.

"Why, you're trembling!" he exclaimed, coming forward anxiously. "What's the matter?"

"I'm frightened," she told him hysterically. "I wake up with visions of black men outside my window, eyes staring in at me. Oh, I can't stand it—I'm so frightened."

"Where's your husband?" he questioned.

"He's in there—but he's drunk," she told him, dully. "He's been drinking himself to sleep every night for a week."

"I don't see what you came down here for in the first place." Meadham's voice was harsh with resentment. "This place isn't fit for a white woman and you're not going to stay here—I'll see to that. In fact, it's no place for either of you but, if he won't take you back, you've got to go without him."

She was leaning up against the door, her back to him, a picture of hopeless dejection. Involuntarily his arms went out to her, for, beneath the commanding exterior that had won the respect of the natives, John Meadham had a tender, understanding heart. At that moment Summers staggered out from his room and stood staring at the two, an ugly, menacing light in his eyes.

"Go back to your room," he commanded his wife. "I heard what you said," he told Meadham, "and I know what's going through your mind—so keep out of my affairs, my family affairs. Understand me?"

The other man gazed at him with contempt, in which there was a suggestion of pity.

"I'm offering to let you and your wife get out of this hole," he said finally. "Look at yourself. Summers, you're a weakling—this is no place for you."

"Oh, no?" There was biting sarcasm in his tone. "Well, I was just thinking the same thing about you. You've been blowing about going back and I think it's a great idea. Africa's too small for both of us."

"But what about your wife?" Meadham inquired, fighting to keep his temper.

"I'm not going—and she's not going. I'm not blind. You stay away from my wife."

He repeated his warning to Margaret when he strode angrily back to their room.

"You're contemptible," she flashed. "Don't you realize what he's offering to do? He's been in this dreadful place for five years and he's willing to stay on and let us go back. Don't you see that he—"

"Never mind him," her husband exploded as he flung himself on the bed. In a few minutes he was again in a drunken stupor.

Margaret lay there, wide-eyed, staring out through the window. In the distance a campfire, kindled by the natives, still sent up its leaping flames, adding to the heat of the torrid night. Soon the figure of Meadham, pacing impatiently back and forth, was silhouetted against the glow. Her gaze wandered to the husband at her side and she compared the two, the one who had vowed to cherish and protect her and was knowingly subjecting her to unbearable torture, the other who was willing to remain on in this hell-hole that she might be spared this suffering.

THE next morning, Summers left early for a hunting trip into the jungle. Meadham kept to his room all day, packing for the trip home. When night came and there was no sign of her husband, Margaret grew worried.

"When I look out that window into the yawning blackness, I get cold chills," she told Meadham, who, his packing finished, came into the living-room to join the Doctor and the Ambassador, seated over their usual game of cards—with the usual bottle and glasses on the table beside them. "And he's out there somewhere with only a few natives."

"I wouldn't worry, Mrs. Summers," he tried to calm her. "Nothing much could happen. If they went as far as the swamp land, they couldn't get back before midnight."

"Are you really going?" she questioned, her eyes wandering to his room, now stripped of his belongings.

"My time's up and, besides—but don't worry," he continued gently. "I'll get you out of this place. If he objects, there'll be another way."

"I don't know what I'll do without you," she told him hopelessly, breaking through the aloofness she had tried to maintain toward him.

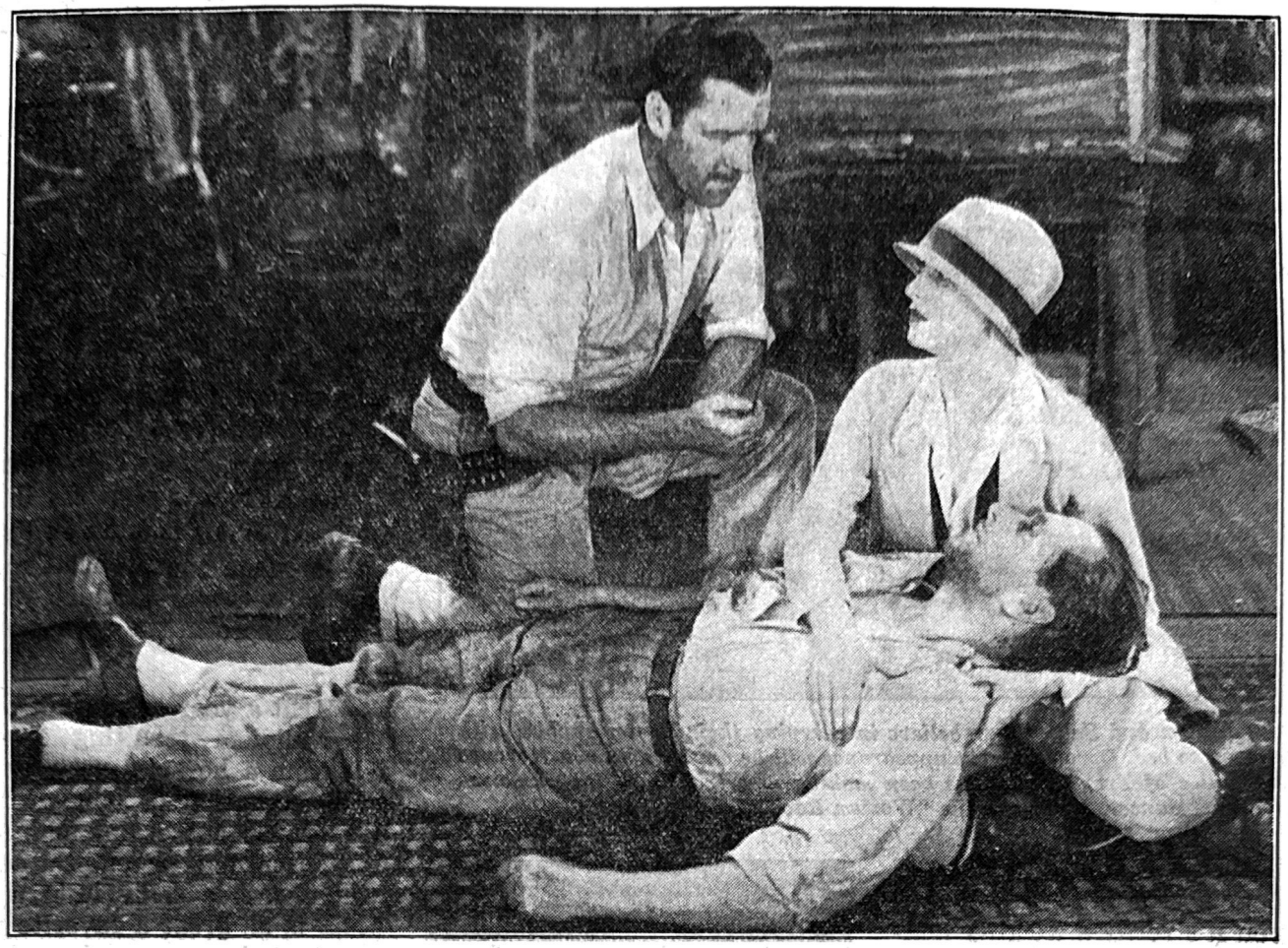
They were standing very close together and they both looked up, startled, as there was a creaking of the screen door, followed immediately by the entrance of Summers who had evidently been crouching on the dark porch, listening. His hand flew to his holster and Meadham jumped forward just in time to catch his wrist and divert the shot. Then a clip on the chin sent the drink-weakened man sprawling on the floor.

"Go to your room and lock the door," Meadham whispered to Margaret.

All that night Summers remained in the living-room, dividing his waking moments between emptying glasses and staggering over to his wife's room with demands for admittance. The morning found him knocking on the locked door and commanding:

"Let me in at once. I won't be made a fool of. I'll make you pay for this when he's gone."

Then Meadham, everything in readiness, the safari waiting to take him to the boat, made one last effort to save Margaret Summers from what he knew was sure death.



"You were right. I've been a fool. I should never have brought her here. It's no place for a white woman."

"Before leaving, Summers, I want to appeal to your decency," he said, joining him in the living-room. "If your wife stays here, she'll go crazy. Don't you see this place is killing her? You've got to send her back to England."

"I suppose you'd like to take her back with you now," the husband sneered.

"Yes," Meadham returned earnestly, "and I give you my word as an English gentleman—"

"An English gentleman, huh?" Summers interrupted. "What do you take me for, Meadham? Do you think for a moment I'd let her go back with you? I'm staying—and so is she. She's my wife and, before I'd let you have her, I'd—" He shook a menacing fist at the locked door. "And there'll be no fond farewells, either," he concluded. "Clear out."

But Meadham did not intend to give up. He knew Summers's threat to kill his wife was no idle one. Soliciting the aid of the Doctor and the Ambassador to keep the husband in the living-room and away from the windows until the safari was well out of sight, he put a ladder against the shack and climbed up to the net-enclosed windows of Margaret's room. Cutting the netting, he urged her to throw into her bag the few things she would need for the trip, then, directing Slowie, the faithful black boy who had attended him during his five years in the jungle, to stay in the room and make little noises so that Summers would think his wife was still there, he helped her down the ladder and ran with her across the compound to where the safari was waiting.

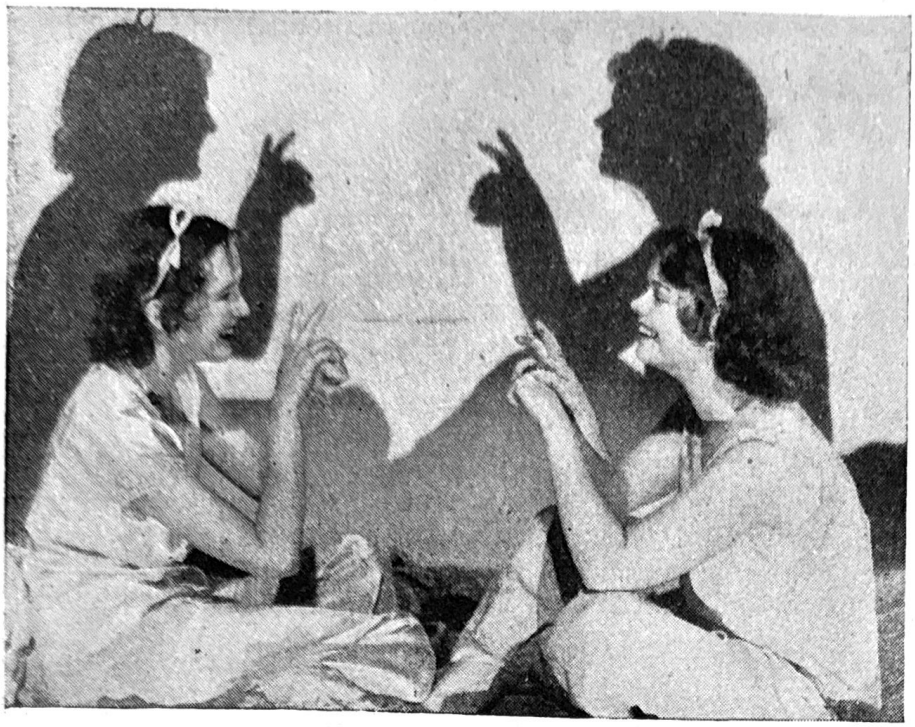
THEY were well on their way into the jungle when the Doctor and the Ambassador, who had been studiously plying Summers with liquor and pretending to celebrate with him the departure of Meadham, felt that it was safe to let him have his own way and break down the door of his room. When he finally succeeded in smashing it in, he found it empty, except for the faithful native boy.

"You black devil," he shouted, "where is she? What have you done with her?"

The terrified Slowie shook his head and darted to the window. Then, before the two who had accompanied Summers into the room realized his intention, he whipped out his gun and fired. Slowie gave a groan of pain, stood poised for a moment on the window sill, then crumpled and fell backward out of sight.

At the cry of the mortally wounded boy, the natives came swarming from all directions and bent over the prostrate figure. Then they lifted him in their arms and bore him through the ever-increasing crowds of moaning, wailing blacks. Soon to the three within the shack came the sound of tom-toms, in gradually quickening tempo. Then, mingled

(Continued on page 29)



Dorothy Jordan and Sally Starr believe in carrying their Easter rabbits with them—even to bed. Dorothy's next appearance will be opposite Ramon Novarro in the "House of Troy". Sally has been making new friends as the vivacious little cabaret dancer, Buddy, in the "Woman Racket".

THAT'S

By RUTH

IT MAY be only a matter of pounds but experts will tell you it's verily a weighty matter. Our Clara fans were beginning to get worried as the Bow figure started to take on generous proportions. But that's all over. The little red-headed It girl is now 109 against the 127 of last fall. When "Paramount on Parade" comes to the screen, Clara will sing a song, "True to the Navy". Remember when she was asked to do a wee bit in the revue she is reported to have put her little foot down firmly and declared there would be no wee bit for the revue unless there was a big raise for Clara. Now it is rumored that, when she returned from her recent journey East, she was clasping a brand new contract that called for five thousand every pay day—and pay day comes around once a week in movieland. Clara's romance with Harry Richman seems to be taking the rest cure, with Harry on Broadway in "The International Revue" and Clara out West in the land of flickers.

Joan Bennett's engagement to John W. Considine, Jr., is one of the latest rumors in Hollywood. (With Harry Richman in "Puttin' on the Ritz".)

ADOLPHE MENJOU and his lovely wife, Kathryn Carver, are back in our midst, Adolphe is planning to do a talkie version of a stage play and we hope he'll do it soon. He holds a unique place on our screen and he's been away far too long. He was seriously ill during part of his sojourn in France but he made one French film, the English version of which will be released here in the spring.

AFTER a year and a half of invalidism resulting from a fall from a horse, a very complicated operation of bone-grafting has proved successful and Anna Q. Nilsson may resume the career which was so sadly interrupted. Anna is as great a favorite with the film colony as she is with the fans and the news of her recovery is received with rejoicing on all sides.

NOW that operatic stars are turning to the movies, it isn't surprising to learn that at least one movie star is casting longing eyes at the Metropolitan. Estelle Taylor, who generally accomplishes what she sets out to do, is exercising her vocal chords with a vengeance. Since the success of her recent vaudeville tour during which she had an opportunity to try her singing on various types of audiences, she has decided to make the operatic stage her ultimate aim. Then, of course, when the circle completes itself, we'll find Estelle back on the screen again.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S domesticity was proved in the first scenes she made for "Our Blushing Brides". She had to make coffee and cook ham and eggs right in front of the camera—and then sit down and eat them!

THAT

RAND

NOT only is technicolor a thing of beauty but with that beauty it brings a blessing in disguise. According to Dr. Herbert Kalmus, President of the Technicolor Corporation, it will prolong the careers of movie stars from ten to fifteen years. No one will deny that the black and white camera is cruel, heralding the years, it seems, even before they roll around. Dr. Kalmus tells us that technicolor is a regular rejuvenator, blotting out lines, too generous chins, etc. That's a good little technicolor. Perhaps we can once more worship at the shrine of some of the lovely ladies we have admired since our early film days.

HERE is one of those private-heartache-of-public-personalities stories we heard the other day. While Mary Duncan was rehearsing in New York for her new stage play, "The Roamin' Gentleman", she was asked to be one of the entertainers at a meeting of the Newspaper Club. Mary was a pretty tired little actress and they were the final days of rehearsals, but she wanted to do her bit, so she succeeded in getting to the meeting in spite of the numerous duties that were pulling her a dozen different ways at once. During the course of the evening, she said a few words over the microphone. The next day she received a telegram that her father had passed away at her home in Fredericksburg, Virginia. During those few sad, dark hours with her family, she had one little ray of comfort. Her father, whom her duties in Hollywood had kept her from seeing for some time, had been listening in when she was broadcasting and had a thrill of joy and pride when he heard his beloved daughter's voice from New York.

"The Old Soak" is perfectly contented to keep quiet while Dorothy Mackaill entertains him in her dressing-room between scenes of "Bright Lights" which she is making for First National.

Mary Nolan's next picture will be "Outside the Law", in which, it is reported, little Robert Coogan will make his screen debut.

A LETTER from Houston, Texas, addressed only to "Poo Poo Pah Doo, Hollywood, Calif.," was delivered promptly and efficiently to the person for whom it was intended—Helen Kane, the baby-talk girl.

The sender of the letter was Don L. Cave, of Houston. He wrote:

"Last evening at a dinner party I made the bet that I could address a letter to you in the manner I have and that it would reach you without delay."

Miss Kane, one of the stars in "Paramount On Parade", who is now making a picture at Paramount's East Coast Studio, received the "Poo Poo Pah Doo" note when it was forwarded from the Paramount Studio in Hollywood where a postman had delivered it two days after it was mailed.

The FURIES

By HELEN HOYT

"I WONDER what's keeping Fifi."

Carolyn Leigh placed her empty glass down on the table and looked up at the clock. The hands were traveling rapidly toward nine and Harvey Smith had scheduled his dinner for eight. It was his first entertainment in his new apartment and he had invited just a few intimate friends, with Fifi Sands as the guest of honor.

"Here she is now," they chorused as the bell rang.

Much to everyone's surprise, however, the butler returned a moment later with the announcement that it was Mr. Oliver Bedlow. The host looked around nervously. He hadn't invited Mr. Bedlow but, if the famous lawyer thought he was invited any place, he was just naturally invited. So Smith hurriedly gave directions for an extra place to be made at the table and the women of the party looked expectantly at the door for the entrance of the newcomer, for Oliver Bedlow was a famous figure in the legal profession, famous for both his brilliancy and his eccentricities. They had never met him socially before as he was known to be a recluse. In the midst of Smith's introduction of the new arrival, Fifi appeared in the doorway without being announced. Her hair was awry, her face pale and her eyes had a peculiar, startled look. As she stood there, staring at the group, Doctor Cummings hurried to her side.

"Mrs. Sands, has anything frightened you?" he inquired solicitously.

"All my life I've been afraid." There was a suggestion of hysteria in her voice.

"Afraid?" Owen McDonald, one of the guests, repeated in amazement.

"Afraid of my husband, John Sands," Fifi laughed, "and that man there"—she pointed to Oliver Bedlow—"his man Friday. They've frightened me for years. Tonight I couldn't stand it any longer, I couldn't stand being Mrs. John Sands. I got dressed, I drank champagne and talked to myself, saying all the things I wanted to say to John Sands. Then I went to him and said them."

"I called for you at eight and waited," McDonald said. "They told me you had gone. Where did you go?"

"Where did I go?" she repeated bewilderedly. "I'm not sure." Excusing herself, she retired to the dressing-room to smooth her hair and add a little color to her pale cheeks.

"What's the matter with her?" McDonald questioned the others. "I've never seen her like that before."

"It's very simple," Gwen Andrews remarked casually. "She had a row with her husband and drank something to give her courage."

The return of Fifi put an end to further speculation. Oliver Bedlow hurried over to her and, under cover of handing her a cocktail, said quietly:

"Drink this and no more tonight. Keep a clear head and don't talk any more about your quarrel with your husband."

"I'll do exactly as I like about everything," she returned stubbornly. "But why are you here?"

"Your husband told me you asked him to give me the invitation."

"My husband lied," Fifi flashed. "But that's nothing new for him."

"I'll go," he suggested.

"No, don't go. I'm too happy tonight to quarrel. You and my husband are both forgiven."

"Is it really a divorce?" Gwen interrupted, joining the two.

"Yes, at last, thank God," Fifi returned happily. "It was all settled tonight just before I came."

Again Bedlow murmured:

"I wouldn't talk any more about what happened tonight."

Fifi turned upon him, here eyes flashing angrily.

"For years you've kept me married to Sands. I could have won my battle but the two of you whipped me. You, the great lawyer, saw to it that I couldn't go."

"What if I did make every effort to keep you married to one of the richest men in the country?"

"Fifi, the world has been most unkind to you," Carolyn endeavored to break up the dangerous discussion.

Fifi smiled happily as she crossed to Owen McDonald and slipped her arm through his.

"He is going to take me into another world. Aren't you, Owen?"

"I've wanted to for years," McDonald replied, gazing down at her affectionately.

"Well, I'm going. We loved each other long ago," she explained to the others.

"But you hadn't the courage to marry a poor man," Bedlow interrupted.

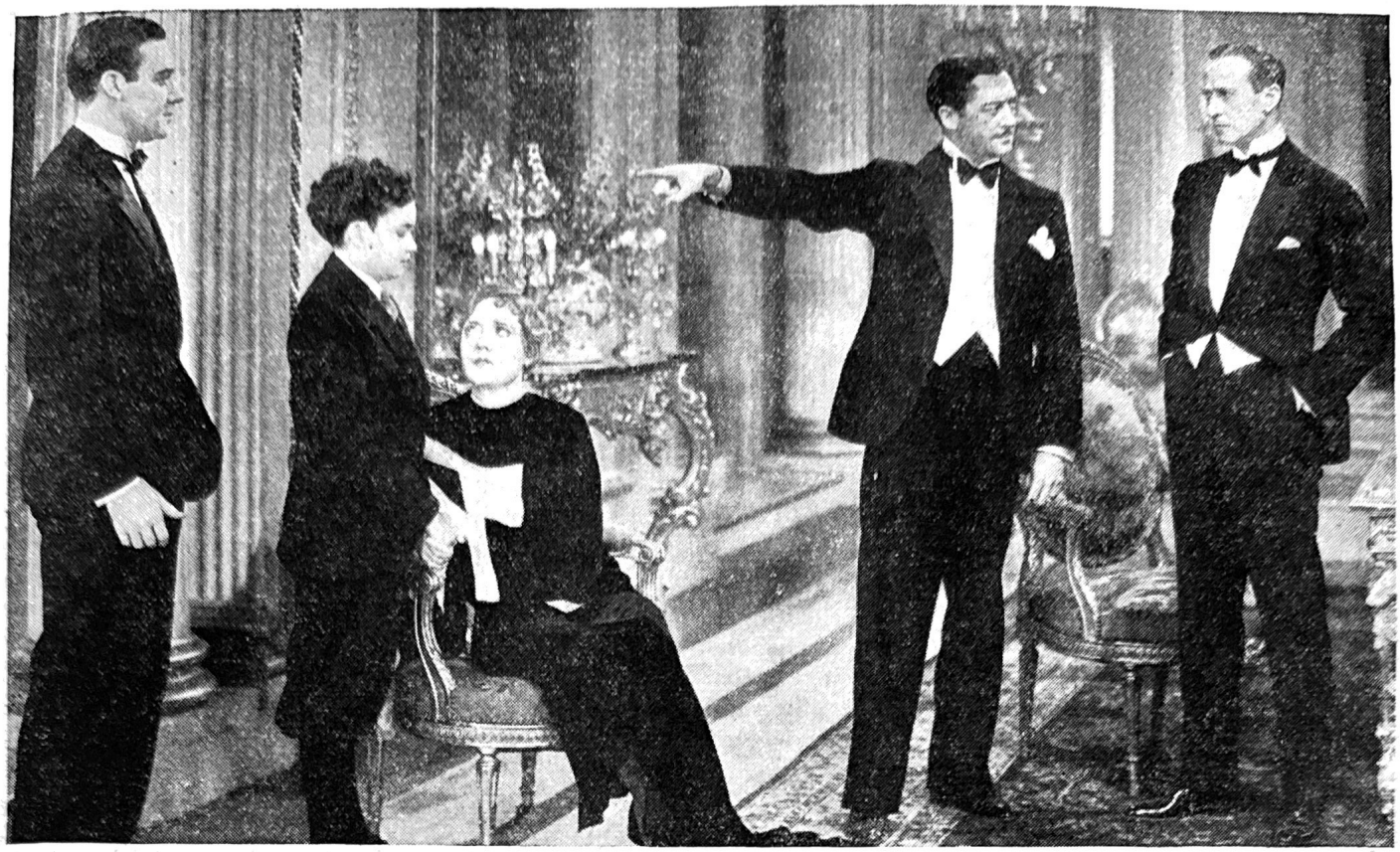
"That's not true," Fifi flashed.

"Then he hadn't the courage to marry a poor girl—he let you go."

"We had nothing—nothing at all," Fifi returned as if apologizing for them both, "so we were foolish and let love go—at least, we thought it could go."

"You've been accustomed to a life of luxury, Mrs. Sands," Bedlow reminded.

This is an adaptation of First National's screen presentation of the play by Zoe Akins. Forrest Halsey wrote the scenario and dialogue and Alan Crosland directed, with Lois Wilson appearing as Fifi Sands, H. B. Warner as Oliver Bedlow, Theodor von Eltz as Owen McDonald, Natalie Moorehead as Carolyn Leigh, Jane Winton as Gwendolyn Andrews, Alan Birmingham as Dr. Paul Cummings, Purnell Pratt as the district attorney, Byron Sage as Alan Sands, Ben Hendricks Jr. as Bedlow's butler and Carl Stockade as Bennett.



"Why don't you ask him why he was late for dinner? Everybody but Fifi knows he's been in love with her for years."

"And what's to prevent her from having it now with the alimony she'll get from Sands?" Gwen put in.

"But I told him I wouldn't want anything—except my freedom," Fifi announced. Bedlow, who was watching McDonald, saw a look of disappointment come into his eyes, but the girl went on happily, "We don't think money is necessary to happiness now, do we, dear?"

"No, no, sweetheart," the man answered, plainly ill-at-ease.

At that moment little Alan Sands dashed into the room.

"Mother, Mother," he cried, running to Fifi's side, "father's been killed—shot—there at his desk—just where you left him."

HARVEY SMITH'S entire party accompanied Fifi and her son back to the home of John Sands where the District Attorney was already busy on the case. Oliver Bedlow, as attorney of the murdered man and his best friend, quite naturally took charge of matters for the widow. Under the District Attorney's questioning, the servants, fearing that their beloved mistress might in some way be implicated, did their best to color the truth to shield her. The butler testified that he had served Mr. Sands with a cocktail at a few minutes after eight and that at eight forty-five he had gone up to his room and found him dead. And Harvey Smith was positive that his dinner had started at eight o'clock and that his guest of honor, Mrs. Sands, had been the first to arrive. The chauffeur testified that he had been waiting for Mrs. Sands at seven forty-five and at that time had seen her walk out through the garden instead of taking the car. As the Smith apartment was seven blocks away and Fifi Sands had arrived there at eight o'clock, while the butler had seen his employer alive at five minutes after eight, the District Attorney eliminated the widow from the case and excused her from further attendance at the evening's questioning. Fifi turned and bade her guests a weary good night, then held out her hand to Owen McDonald.

"Goodby, Fifi," he said as he grasped it.

"Goodby?" she questioned.

"I have business in Montreal," he explained, "and, if the District Attorney has no objections, I'll leave tonight. Everybody in this room knows everything I know, so I don't see why I should stay."

The District Attorney turned to Bedlow.

"As counsel for Mr. McDonald, do you promise to produce him if his presence is necessary?"

"I'm not counsel for Mr. McDonald," the lawyer returned sharply. "He has even rejected my advice by deciding to leave the jurisdiction of the court."

At that moment little Alan interrupted:

"Mother told me she was being called for tonight. Who called for her? Didn't you?" The child gazed at McDonald with evident distrust and Fifi drew him to her.

"I didn't wait, dear. I went alone."

The District Attorney's eyes narrowed and he requested Mrs. Sands to be seated again. Then he turned his attention to Owen McDonald. From him

"Your husband never troubled to find you pearls like these. I've been collecting them for you for years."

he learned that he had called at the Sands home after eight o'clock and that Therese, the maid, had admitted him.

"Why did you conceal the fact that you let this gentleman in tonight?" the District Attorney questioned sharply.

"Therese knew my mother wouldn't want anything known against him," the child interrupted again.

"That's not true," McDonald flashed angrily.

"It is true that I wanted to protect you," Fifi said quietly.

The District Attorney dismissed the servants and, warning the others of the seriousness of perjury, left them alone while he returned to the murdered man's study for a further examination of the premises.

"What's happened is your own fault," Fifi told McDonald. "I asked you not to go and so did Mr. Bedlow. Why did you change your mind?"

"It wasn't to save my own skin—you know that," McDonald returned sullenly.

At this juncture, Oliver Bedlow requested Dr. Cummings to take the rest of the party into another room. There were certain facts he wished to lay before Mrs. Sands and Mr. McDonald.

"This wouldn't have happened if you hadn't turned on me and started him thinking things?" McDonald accused Bedlow as soon as the others were out of hearing.

"Started him thinking things?" the lawyer repeated. "You don't imagine your ambition to marry Mrs. Sands could have remained a secret, do you? With that known, how would things have looked if you had run away as you planned?"

"How do they look for her now, after you had everybody lying for her?"

"I wouldn't have let them lie, not if I had known you needed the truth," Fifi declared.

"Well, you're out of it," McDonald returned. "That's to his credit, anyhow."

"But you're not," she said. "Please ring the bell."

Bedlow begged her to be careful what she did, but she insisted upon having her own way. When the butler appeared, she directed him to summon the servants and warn them that they must tell the whole truth. When the District Attorney returned, she told him she wished to amend her testimony. Then, in a quiet, tense voice, she began her story. She had been drinking that night in order to get courage to face her husband. At about eight o'clock she had gone to his study. The door was open and the butler was giving him a cocktail as he had testified, though he had failed to mention her presence. She did not see her husband because she did not look at him but she saw his hand pick up the glass. The desk drawer was open, the top one, and in it she saw a revolver.

"But there was no revolver in the drawer when I searched the room," the District Attorney commented.

"I didn't touch it but I was afraid that I might," Fifi continued. "It looked as if it would fit my hand so nicely. I wondered if I would have the courage. I wondered what I would do if he refused me a divorce. That's what I went to talk to him about, a divorce. But he surprised me. He said I might have my freedom and promised to telephone Mr. Bedlow at once. When I left, he said quite jovially:

" 'Better luck next time, Fifi.' "

"He did telephone me a few minutes after Mrs. Sands left the house," Bedlow put in.

"I was crying when I left his study," Fifi continued. "Bradley saw me leave the grounds just as he has said."

"Except that he fixed the time at a quarter to eight and made no mention of the fact that you were crying," the District Attorney reminded.

And then, since Fifi's testimony had incriminated her beyond any help from them, the guests fixed the time of her arrival at the dinner at a little before nine.

"She wasn't herself when she got there—we'll all testify to that," McDonald put in. "There's her doctor." He indicated Paul Cummings. "He'll tell you she wasn't herself, whatever—"

"I was myself, for the first time in years," Fifi interrupted. "I was free."

Oliver Bedlow sprang to his feet.

"Before you allow Mr. McDonald to persuade you with his insinuations that Mrs. Sands may have murdered her husband in a moment of irresponsi-

bility I must insist that you consider the evidence against him."

"What is there against me, except that the maid lied?" McDonald asked quickly.

"It's against you that you were in the house at the time of the murder," Bedlow told him.

"Be quiet!" Fifi ordered sternly in an endeavor to save McDonald from further suspicion. "You are no longer my lawyer."

"It is against you that you wrote love letters to Mrs. Sands," Bedlow went on without heeding her interruption, "love letters that can be produced. It is against you that you tried to bribe women to testify so that Mrs. Sands might secure a divorce. It is against you that you instructed a certain lawyer to prepare a schedule of financial arrangements as imposed by other wealthy divorcees upon their ex-husbands. It is against you that you put off your creditors with the assurance of your early marriage to Mrs. Sands."

"All that is not murder," Owen flashed.

"And it's against you that you wrote to Mr. Sands, asking for an interview, which, on my advice, he refused."

"I didn't see him," McDonald denied. "But what if I had?"

"You heard her say he consented to the divorce. He probably changed his mind when he saw you face to face."

"He didn't see me," the other man shouted, "and you shan't railroad me."

Feeling that this line of procedure without proper legal advice was not fair to those concerned, the District Attorney took his leave, warning everyone in the room not to go outside the jurisdiction of the court. They would be under the strict surveillance of his men and any attempt to get away would mean immediate arrest. As soon as the door had closed upon him, McDonald turned on Bedlow.

"You won't put this crime on me just to protect Fifi. Why don't you ask him"—he indicated Dr. Cummings who, during the entire proceedings, had been standing quietly at one side—"why he was late for dinner? Everybody but Fifi knows he's been in love with her for years."

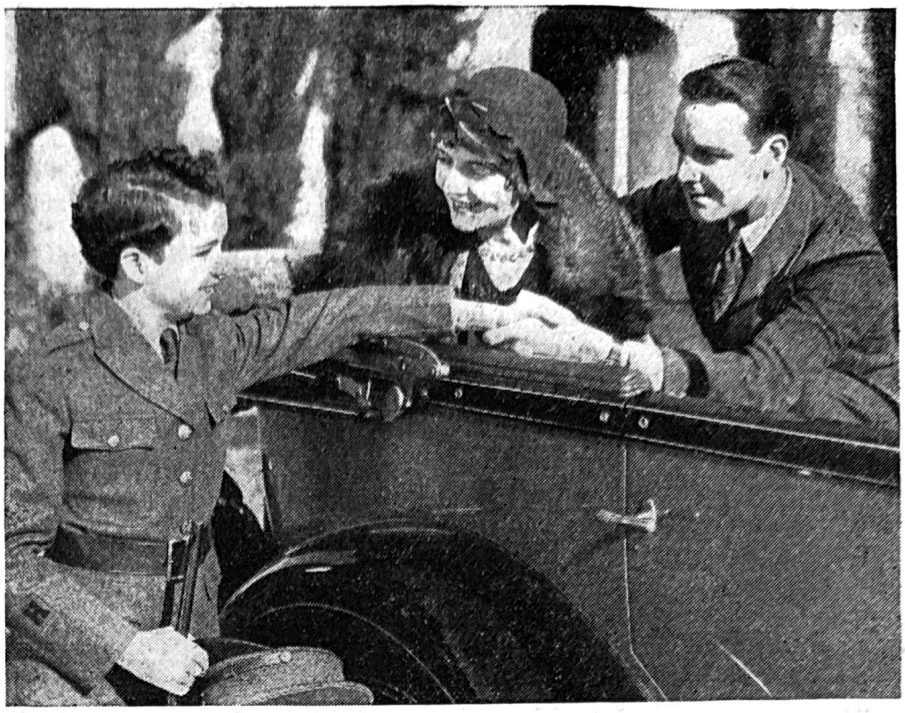
Then Fifi took command of the situation.

"Mr. Bedlow is going now." She rang for the butler. "Show Mr. Bedlow to the door," she directed, "and he's not coming back ever. Do you understand?"

"But he was my father's friend," little Alan objected.

"But not your mother's," she told him quietly.

"I don't think Mrs. Sands cares how things look," Bedlow said. "I tried my best to protect her, but she wouldn't let me. I'll go. It is better that John Sands and I leave this house at the same time." He turned to Fifi. "You'll be happier with us gone."



"Have you any extra duty this week, Alan?"
"No, indeed. I wanted too much to go home with you and mother."

But she had one concern that meant more to her even than the tragic event of the evening—the love and trust of her only child. She requested Paul Cummings to take the others into an adjoining room that she might be alone with her son.

"Alan, darling!" She clasped the boy to her, sobbing.

"You dismissed my father's best friend," he reproached.

"Alan, I sent Mr. Bedlow away only because I knew he was not our friend," she explained patiently.

"You lied and you had the servants lie to protect the man you are going to marry," the child accused. "I hate him. I think he killed my father—and you—Mother." He broke away from her arms and ran up the stairs.

NO ONE knew better than Dr. Cummings what her boy's suspicion meant to Fifi Sands. He felt that Bedlow, whom the boy trusted, was the only one who could dispel this suspicion. To this end, he persuaded her to go to see Bedlow without further delay. At the lawyer's apartment he left her waiting in the hall while he had a preliminary talk with Bedlow. He pleaded with him to forget what Fifi had said under the stress of emotion and to help her for her boy's sake. He could put her right in the eyes of the child only by clearing McDonald.

"Fifi has been able to endure her life with Sands," the doctor told him, "by taking refuge in dreams of

(Continued on page 25)

The LOST ZEPPELIN

By JOSEPH JORDAN

At a farewell dinner given to Commander Donald Hall, world-famed explorer, on the eve of a trip to the South Pole, he came upon his wife, Miriam, and his trusted friend and companion, Lieutenant Tom Armstrong, clasped in each other's arms. Later, at their home, Miriam admitted her love for the younger man and asked her husband for a divorce. Broken-hearted, his world in ruins about him, he promised to arrange matters with his attorney. The next morning, amid the acclaims of the admiring crowd that had gathered to wish Commander Hall and his crew Godspeed on their perilous undertaking, the big ship took off.

MIRIAM'S vigil was not the only one at the departure of the Zeppelin. Two pairs of eyes looked down through two port holes as the earth receded from under them and fastened their gaze on the woman who had been left behind. Two loves were burning at white heat and the flames were scorching two intrepid souls.

When the men turned from the port holes, Tom tried to meet the eyes of his commander but shame and remorse filled his being and he turned away. Donald approached him and said quietly, with no trace of bitterness:

"After you left last night, Miriam told me everything." Tom's face contracted with pain, but Donald continued in the same even tone, "She told me that she loved you and asked me for a divorce."

"Donald," Tom interrupted passionately, "I swear I couldn't help loving her. I know I'm a rotter."

"I'm not calling you a rotter but I want you to understand the enormity of this thing you've done to me. I was with your father when he died. He was the squarest pal God ever gave a man. I loved him and I passed that love on to his boy and I'm not going to believe that his son could possess a mean instinct that was foreign to his father's nature. I know you couldn't help yourself. I know when I opened my door and took you into my house and you took away my wife you fought against it. Of course, you fought," he went on bitterly, "but you didn't fight hard enough. By God, you should have fought till you dropped."

All the bitterness of a wronged soul was in his last words and, as he slowly walked away, he left Tom humiliated and broken.

ON THE first day of the departure of the Zeppelin, or The Explorer, as it had been christened for the expedition, Miriam was in no condition to entertain or to be entertained, neither mentally nor physically. On her return from the aviation field, she had undressed and gone to bed. She dozed fitfully, her sleep troubled with disturbing dreams.

Into her vision crept the great silver Zeppelin hanging in the sky with her lover's face framed in a porthole. There was a look of longing on the handsome, boyish face, a look of hungering, enduring love, then an expression of worry, tinged with regret or remorse, the look she had seen when they withdrew from their tempestuous embrace the night before in the conservatory.

All was sunshine about the gleaming silver ship. The face of Tom faded out and its place was filled with that of her husband, stern but kindly in its expression of pain. It seemed an older face than the one she knew, a little harder, too, and stamped with deep thought. She saw the inside of The Explorer and beheld both men in their uniforms. Donald walked with a quick step toward his aid and Tom appeared to cringe before him. A great fear was in her heart as she awoke and found herself sitting upright in bed.

Further sleep was out of the question. She was nervous and distrait as she rang for her maid. She felt better after a warm bath and a cup of tea. After all, her life was her own. She had been a good wife to Donald, but, she argued, she had never known what love was until she first saw Tom Armstrong. Should Donald blame her because youth had called to youth and she had answered the call? She loved Tom and would continue to love him until the end of time. Donald would always hold her esteem and respect.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when she went downstairs to the drawing-room and tuned in the radio in the hope that she might find some cheering music in the air. She had a set in her own room, provided by Donald's thoughtfulness in anticipation of the messages he would send on his trip to the South Pole, but going downstairs she thought would help relieve the tension of her mind. An orchestra was playing jazz, but it suddenly stopped and the announcer gave a message that had been received from The Explorer:

"On board The Explorer, Thursday, August 4, 4:22 P. M., Eastern Standard Time—Confirming position recently reported, we have just passed over the Cocos Keys in the southern Caribbean Sea. Visibility splendid. Motors functioning perfectly. Optimistic of complete success of expedition. (Signed) Hall, Commander, U. S. N."

Miriam seated herself and pondered over the message. The words were those of her husband, telling the world of his progress and assuring her and the families of those on board of their safety. What a marvelous thing was the radio! The great Zeppelin, master of the skies, which she had seen leave its moorings that morning, was hundreds of

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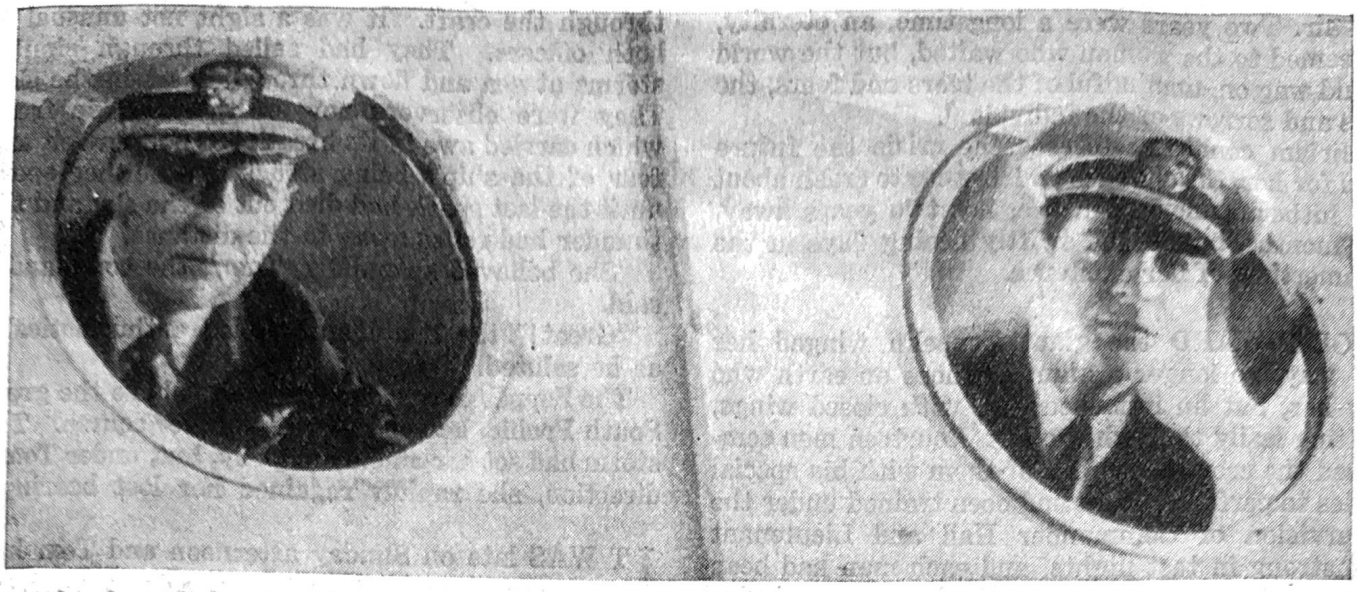
This is an adaptation of Tiffany Productions' screen presentation of the story by Frances Hyland and Jack Natteford, with dialogue by Charles Kenyon. Edward Sloman directed, with Conway Tearle appearing as Commander Donald Hall, Virginia Valli as Miriam Hall, Ricardo Cortez as Lieutenant Tom Armstrong, Duke Martin as Lieutenant Wallace, Kathryn McGuire as Nancy and Winter Hall as Mr. Wilson.



Two pairs of eyes looked down through two port holes as the earth receded from under the Zeppelin and fastened their gaze on the woman who had been left behind.

miles beyond the blue but still in touch with the world it had left behind. Radio messages would continue to be flashed throughout the entire aerial journey, perhaps from the South Pole.

Never did she doubt that Donald would fly over the Pole. Her confidence in him was supreme. She believed implicitly in his ability to accomplish anything he undertook. Her change of heart could not shake this belief, and she knew, too, how strongly he relied upon Tom in every emergency which might beset the Zeppelin.

With two such men how could the expedition fail, she asked herself, men strong enough, great enough to conquer the world. She was a little sorry for Donald, but her love for Tom would admit of no remorse. Donald had been splendid when she revealed her heart to him the night before but she thought that she would have acted as well to him had the situation been reversed.

The night before! Was it that recently? It seemed months ago, and she felt that her love and Tom's had come down through the ages. And he was going away, away from her, the fleeting hours separating them by hundreds of miles. Two whole years must pass before they would be again in each other's arms and the first day of the long wait had not yet passed!

Miriam was only dimly conscious of the perils which lay before the expedition. She had listened to Donald's vague descriptions of the unknown and unconquered territory, of uncharted seas over which they had to pass and the unsurveyed ice peaks that guarded the position of the Pole, so eagerly sought by science. He had told her something of the storms on high which might be encountered but had dismissed them lightly with the assurance that they would be merely tests of the stout Zeppelin which had been constructed to combat them. One thing he had so thoroughly impressed upon her mind was the base camp within the Antarctic Zone from which they could draw food and supplies and help, if needed. The danger of uncharted seas and skies, of storms and towering ice peaks and treacherous ice packs was minimized. Help was always at hand.

And so Miriam lulled herself into the perfect assurance of the Zeppelin's safety. It was with the situation on board The Explorer that she was more deeply concerned. What was happening? How was the time passing to the two men between whose deep friendship her love had intruded and smashed into fragments like the overturned vase in the conservatory?

She had no way of knowing, but the radiograms from the ship of the sky continued to bear good messages, and she felt that the two strong men had mastered their emotions for the time in their concentration upon the great work ahead of them and in the handling of The Explorer.

Miriam's mind finally resolved itself into that of a fatalist. Whatever was to be, was to be. There was no drawing back for her; she had no desire to change anything that had occurred. With Tom and Donald both absent, her love for the former was even stronger, and she knew that she had made no mistake. On the second afternoon of The Explorer's departure, she went out in her car, her spirits improved, the roses again in her cheeks and her heart beating in tune with her love.

In her home the radio was constantly in operation, if not in the living-room, in her own or the butler's. She listened to jazz, to sentimental songs, the stock market reports, talks on health, on fashion, on politics, on love, and every message that came from the Zeppelin. She had every newspaper brought to her; she followed every move of her love through the sky.

The good genii of the air were the servitors of the radio, the slaves of the electric spark. She felt that nothing could go amiss on The Explorer and pictured the days and months through which the same messages of assurance would be heralded through

the air. Two years were a long time, an eternity, it seemed to the woman who waited, but the world would wag on, unmindful of the tears and fears, the joys and sorrows of the individual.

Miriam could not foresee the crisis the future held for her, the changes which were to crash about her hitherto uneventful life, not two years away, nor months, but in the swiftly fleeing days in the summertime of her existence.

SOUTHWARD the giant Zeppelin winged her way, no longer a giant to those on earth who saw her, but an immense bird with closed wings, drifting lazily through the sky. Fourteen men comprised the crew, every one of them with his special duties to perform. They had been trained under the supervision of Commander Hall and Lieutenant Armstrong in test flights, and each man had been selected for his knowledge of his own particular task.

Commander Hall addressed Tom only when duty necessitated it, to issue orders or to seek information as to the ship's course, her speed, her altitude or the condition of the weather and its indications. To the other officers and members of the crew no indication of their relations was given either in their words or in their actions.

Before night of the first day out, they had left the United States coastline behind them and were crossing the Caribbean Sea when Hall dictated his first message to Tom to have it broadcast. The lieutenant saluted and carried the message to the radio operator who transmitted it to the waiting world.

The weather was perfect and all hands were in the highest spirits, every thought on the goal of The Explorer, the coveted South Pole. There was no peace, though, in the souls of Donald and Tom, although each kept in control the storm raging within him. Hours which otherwise would have been pleasant were hours of torture to both, one facing despair, the other accepting every look of his superior officer like a lash on his conscience. But, when Tom was alone, he ceased to think of his conquest in the light of a stolen love. It was a sacred love in his eyes, and the knowledge that Miriam loved him in return steeled him in his trying ordeal. He looked down on the cities they were passing, far enough from his idol, but on the same land in which she dwelt. The ships, too, that passed under them were speeding toward her home and each carried a love wish from him.

Donald's attitude showed no sign of remembrance. He issued his commands and Tom never failed to respond. He was always ready with his chart to show their position and to compare logs with his superior officer. A tropical storm over South America helped both to temporarily forget the terrific strain.

It came in the night, the worst of it, and the crashes of thunder seemed to rock the ship, while the lightning played about in great floods of illumination and sent darts of fire in their direction, each succeeding spear apparently intent upon cutting through the craft. It was a sight not unusual to both officers. They had sailed through similar storms at sea and flown through them in the sky. They were observers now of this electric freak which carried awe in its breath but neither felt any fear of the ship's being struck and neither spoke until the last spark had died out of the sky and the thunder had rolled away in the distance.

"She behaved splendidly, Tom," the commander said.

"Great!" the lieutenant replied enthusiastically as he saluted.

The Zeppelin soared majestically above the great South Pacific, keeping steadily on her course. The storm had set her off only slightly, but, under Tom's direction, she rapidly regained her lost bearings.

IT WAS late on Sunday afternoon and Tom had just completed his report for the day when Donald approached him.

"Where are we, Tom?" the commander asked.

"Pretty well down the Pacific, sir." The young man handed him the gist of his report in the shape of a despatch:

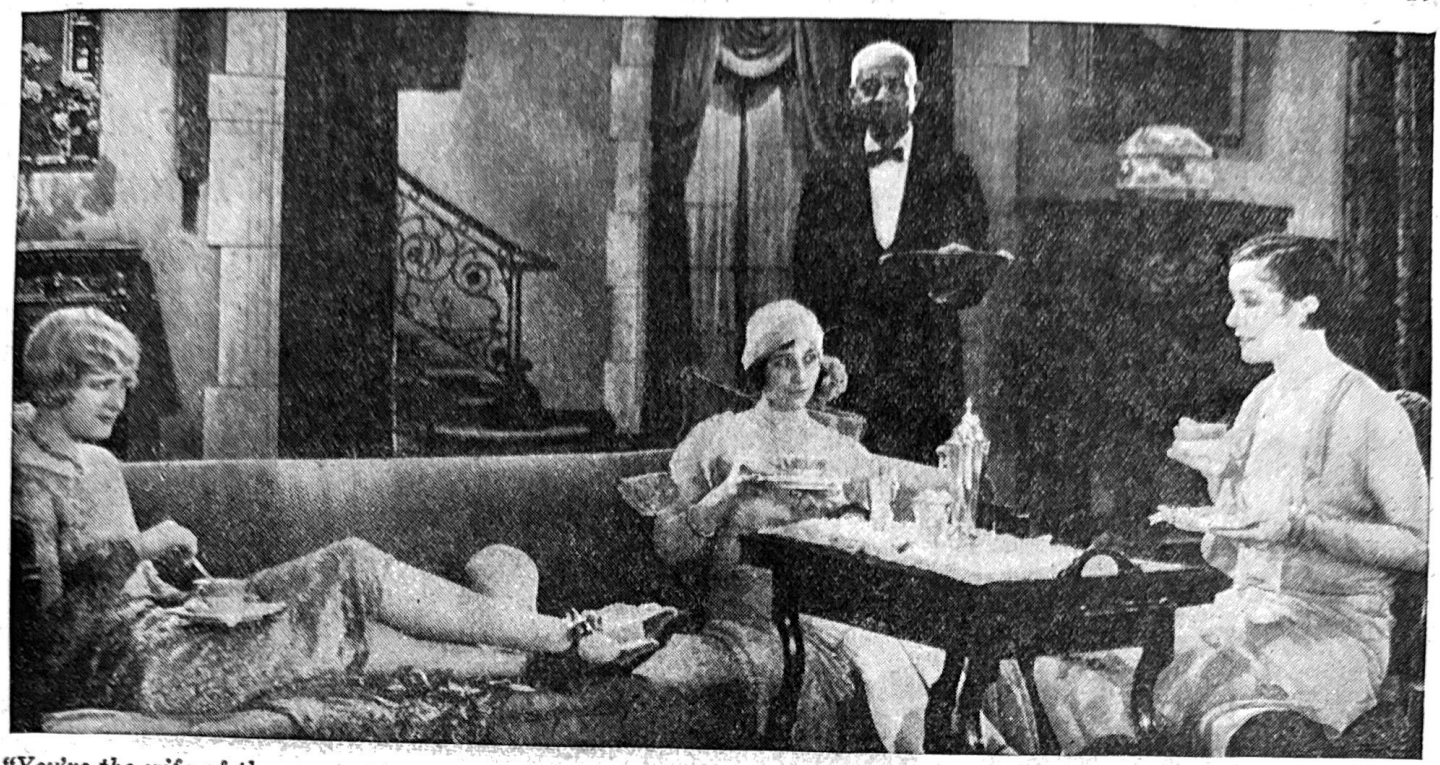
"On board the U. S. S. Explorer, Sunday, Aug. 7, 5:18 P. M. Altitude 3,200 feet, speed 69 miles per hour; motors 1,600 r. p. m. Temperature 44 degrees. Shortly before noon crossed the last of the Andes. An hour later lost sight of land and are cruising down the South Pacific Ocean. Visibility perfect. Expect to be in sight of our base camp edge Antarctic Ice Pack in twenty-four hours. Ship and crew in splendid condition. Temperature dropping steadily. Put on Arctic clothing tonight. Every one excited at prospect of entering Polar territory. (Signed) Hall, Commander."

"Release it, please," Hall instructed.

The next twenty-four hours were dreary enough, no land in sight, no clouds in the sky, not a ship sailing over the great waste of waters below them. But the excitement caused by the proximity to their journey's end sustained the spirits of those on board. Commander Hall and Tom Armstrong kept much to themselves during that part of the flight.

TOM'S reckoning of the time when they would pass over the base camp was accurate. His despatch had been received at the station and the crew quartered there in the Polar zone was out to a man to cheer them as they passed overhead. They probably expected The Explorer to make a landing, but Commander Hall, after learning that plenty of gasoline was left, determined to push on for the Pole. He gave the command and instructed Tom to broadcast the message:

"Passed over Base Camp, receiving signals. All well. Visibility only fair. Storm clouds and signs of snow ahead. Unless hampered by unusual heavy weather should circle Pole within fifteen hours, returning to Base Camp for gasoline. Ship feeling weight of ice on external controls and envelope. Nothing but ice in sight. Morale splendid, hopes high. (Signed) Hall, Commander, U. S. N."



"You're the wife of the greatest man on earth." That was it, Miriam thought bitterly as she smiled at her guests, always shining in the reflected light of Donald's fame.

Donald's face was a study to Tom. It was set and grim, but the wrinkled eyes seemed to harbor a smile. The lieutenant guessed the reason. He was about to enter into the realization of the dream of his life, the reaching of the South Pole. Only fifteen hours more with average luck and they would cross it.

But even fifteen hours in the air is a long time, and the ship was encased in ice, and snow storms looked far ahead. Two motors were out of commission and valuable gasoline was being consumed to sustain an altitude which would keep the ship out of reach of some towering ice peak. The only noise that broke the stillness in the land of silence was the whir of the motors. Not a word was heard from one of the eager souls on board.

They ran into a heavy fall of snow and nothing was visible beyond the plate glass windows. The Zeppelin was off her course. Tom divined it rather than knew it, and his ingenuity was taxed to get her in line again. But a glint of sun enabled him to use the sextant, the right course was set and the Zeppelin was headed again directly for the Pole. With chart and compass Tom got his bearings and worked at a table, while Donald watched him with interest.

Suddenly the lieutenant sprang to his feet, his hand flew to salute and, in a voice vibrant with emotion, he cried:

"Sir, I have the honor to report we have just crossed the South Pole!"

The word flew from lip to lip and a chorus, a mighty shout came from the crew and rang through the ship:

"We've crossed the Pole! We've crossed the Pole!"

And out to the waiting world over the radio was broadcast the thrilling news:

"The Explorer has just crossed the South Pole. Time 5:15 Eastern Time. (Signed) Hall, Commander."

MIRIAM appeared her old self again, buoyed up as she was by the good news coming to her and all the world from Donald. There was a merry, chattering party of women at her home when the message came that the Zeppelin had passed over the Base Camp. A buzz of excitement arose over the announcement, and Mrs. Collins, who had been the hostess at the farewell dinner to Commander Hall, advanced to Miriam and kissed her. Miriam returned her embrace, although her smile was wan and far away.

"You're the wife of the greatest man of the day!" the enthusiastic lady cried. "What do you suppose the fragments of my vase are worth now?"

Miriam gave a little start. If only those present knew what the breaking of that vase portended, the breaking of a home and the sundering of life-long love and ties! She felt a little bitter, too, at the thought of the small place she occupied in the world's estimation.

"The wife of the greatest man of the day!"

That was it, always it. The wife! A mere secondary notation, a second fiddle in the orchestra of Donald's leading! Who was she? Ah, she would show them when the expedition was over and the men had returned home.

What has the future in store for Miriam and the two brave adventurers who are facing untold dangers, both carrying her image in their hearts? For the next installment of "The Lost Zeppelin" see Moving Picture Stories, May 13th.

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All Hears All Knows All

and, if she doesn't, she'll find out.

Lily Damita's real self is still delighting Broadway audiences in "Sons O' Guns", one of the season's musical comedy hits.

Helen of Troy, N. Y.: No, your hero, Ben Lyon, hasn't been an idle boy just because you haven't seen him on the screen as often as you desire. For the past two years he has been working in "Hell's Angels" (who might well have turned into little devils in the time that has been consumed in the making). Now that this opus has been practically finished, you will have an opportunity to gaze at your favorite in a featured talkie role opposite his dark-eyed fiancee, Bebe Daniels, in "Smooth as Satin". Did you see him, flying uniform and all, with Bebe in the Hollywood Star broadcasting series? The last time I saw Ben in person he was working at a New York studio, clad in a bit of leopard skin—and a few days' growth of beard. I bet Ben was glad when he was able to shed both—the skin and the beard.

* * *

Anne M.: Yes, the Betty Blythe who is appearing in "House Afire" is the Betty Blythe of movie fame whom you remember so well as the Queen of Sheba in the picture of that name.

* * *

Kathryn K.: Yes, your favorite, Mary Astor, is ill. For weeks after her husband, Kenneth Hawks, was killed in an aeroplane accident, Mary, who was then playing in a legitimate production at one of the Hollywood theatres, went bravely about her work but just the other day, unable to bear up under her grief any longer, she suffered a nervous collapse. We join with you in hoping that she will soon be restored to health and the screen.

* * *

M. R.: Morton Downey's next appearance will be as Nancy Carroll's leading man in "The Devil's Holiday".

* * *

R. M.: Irene Rich is busy making another talkie, "So This is London". In it she plays the wife of Will Rogers as she did in "They Had to See Paris".

* * *

Curious: Daphne Pollard was born in Australia and came to America as a member of the famous Pollard Lilliputians. She was featured in London for twelve years, playing at the Hippodrome for five in five successive musical comedy hits.

* * *

Bostonian: Yes, Corinne Griffith sings. You'll have an opportunity to hear her in her next production for First National, "Back Pay".

* * *

G. L.: Ruth Chatterton started her stage career at the age of fifteen when, in spite of family objections, she joined the chorus of a musical show in Washington, D. C. When she was eighteen, she was a star with her name in electric lights on Broadway.

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

Alice and Blanche Sweet seem to be having a heart-to-heart talk in "Show Girl in Hollywood", First National.

HER real name is Alva White and she was born in Paterson, New Jersey. Her parents were Audley and Marion White. Her mother was a chorus girl. She lived with her grandparents up to the time she was six and, between the ages of six and seven, attended a convent in East Orange, New Jersey.

A year in school in Paterson followed, and then a girls' school in New Haven, Conn. Here she is alleged to have spent most of her time gazing at the Yale students who passed her window. Next she went to Virginia College in Roanoke but she soon tired of "getting educated" and followed her grandparents to California, where she took a secretarial course in Hollywood High School, famed for its numerous movie star graduates.

Her first job was in a real estate office. She had already developed qualities of "It", and the realtor's wife suggested that she could do better elsewhere. Then she became the secretary of Billie Joy, brother of the film star, Leatrice Joy. Next she tried working at the telephone switchboard at the Writers' Club in Hollywood. Then she went back to reading want ads, and a short—a very short—term of employment in the United Artists' publicity department. An executive said she was too flapperish and lacked dignity.

Alice White early developed qualities of "It" which did not prove a help in holding office jobs.

Roy Neil, the director, gave Alva a job holding a script, which consisted of checking off the scenes of a motion picture as they were made and watching to see that every detail in the filming was correct. At the Metropolitan Studio she got a chance to play a bit in a South Sea Island picture but she soon lost the job. She also lost the script job she had when she took the screen job.

Next she worked at Universal as a clerk. Then came a period of addressing envelopes for a business firm in Hollywood, followed by a term of working for a real estate man, calling from house to house and ringing doorbells to inquire if the property was for sale.

Then she went back to holding script, this time at the Charles Chaplin Studio on "A Woman of the Seas", which was never released. At this studio a still photographer with idle time on his hands offered to photograph Alva. She wore an old sweater and tam, but the photographer knew his hypo and the pictures were beautiful.

"Then," says Alice, "I decided to try acting as a career."

She went to Universal and took tests with hundreds of other girls for the "Collegian" series just starting. The tests were made hurriedly and were terrible, so Alva went back to holding scripts again. One day an agent saw her.

"How would you like to have me for your manager?" he asked.

"Don't be silly!" she returned. "Script girls don't need a manager."

He convinced her that he could get her a contract. He saw possibilities even in the poor screen tests.

"But," he told her, "you must take off ten pounds first."

(Continued on page 24)

Such Men Are Dangerous

(Continued from page 5)

front of the circle. He was known to a few as Pierre Villard, a wealthy visitor from the Argentine. What his business was they had no idea but the reports of his wealth could not be exaggerated, for he seemed determined to own the gargoyle at any price. For a while, the freest spenders tried to hold out against him but finally gave way and laughingly lingered to see what the outcome would be. Then, to their surprise, when the gargoyle was knocked down to the winner for twenty thousand francs, they saw him lift a little lad who was standing nearby until his face was on a level with Elinor's, then bade him claim his reward. As he lowered the child to the ground, he said with his glowing dark eyes on the lovely face:

"My boy, never forget that today you have kissed the most beautiful woman in France."

"That was very thoughtful of you, Monsieur," Elinor thanked him in a low voice.

"My congratulations!" Muriel Wyndham, who had been an eager onlooker, rushed up and extended her hand to Villard to whom a few moments before she had sold a boutonniere at the highest price obtained during the day. "You're the most generous man I have ever known. This is my sister, Madame Kranz. My dear, this is Mr. Villard. "Then she insisted upon relieving Elinor of her duties at the doll booth to give her a chance to properly thank the man who had so chivalrously saved her from embarrassment.

From that moment on, the wealthy Pierre Villard was in constant attendance upon the lovely widow of Ludwig Kranz. Romantic Paris looked on and smiled encouragingly. What an ideal couple they would make! The stranger's dark good looks seemed to enhance the blonde beauty of the young English girl. And, for the first time in her life, Elinor felt her pulses quicken at a man's approach. There was not a single flaw in the hours they spent together, luncheons, drives in the afternoon, dinners in the evening, the opera, the theatre. And Muriel smiled with unqualified approval, shared to its full extent by Paul Strohm, who watched eagerly but managed to keep out of sight of Elinor and the Wyndhams.

"May I say, Ludwig, how happy I am that your devotion to Mrs. Kranz has won her confidence and, I believe, her love?" he ventured one day.

"That has been my one desire, my only goal," the other returned. "The widow of Ludwig Kranz in a love affair with Pierre Villard while Ludwig Kranz looks on! What a wonderful joke! Paul, you've never heard me refer to my marriage or to the humiliation of my wife's desertion that made me the laughing stock of Europe, have you?"

"No, I have not." The secretary's eyes were fixed upon his employer's face in frank wonder.

"Well, what do you suppose I thought of day and night during that year at the sanitorium?" The bitterness, the hardness of the old Ludwig Kranz was creeping into his voice. "Merely of having my ugly features transformed into a semblance of youth and good looks?"

"But what else?" Paul questioned.

"I'll tell you what else. All those months I planned how I might win my own wife—" He broke off abrupty and Paul commented:

"I—I don't understand you, Ludwig."

"But you will when the time comes," his employer assured him.

THAT same afternoon Elinor telephoned Pierre Villard that she was at the modiste shop of Monsieur Durand and he eagerly hastened there to meet her. As the models paraded before them in the latest creations of the dictator of the fashion center, Elinor ordered gown after gown. One in particular received Ludwig's special admiration and the girl was all eagerness as she made the purchase. Later, she left Pierre in Muriel's care while she went to select some new lingerie.

"Elinor does spend a lot of money on clothes," the sister commented half apologetically, "but then she loves pretty things."

"Well, why shouldn't she have them?" Pierre returned lightly. "After all, she has plenty of means to gratify every wish."

Muriel hesitated a moment, then agreed a trifle nervously:

"Yes, of course."

These moments with the older sister were what Pierre had desired for some time and he intended to make the most of them. He explained quite frankly that during all the period of their acquaintance he had never been alone with Elinor. Every place they went there were people—two or three or a crowd, it made little difference. Mrs. Wyndham would, of course, understand his desire to have her lovely sister to himself at least on one occasion. Muriel did and she readily fell in with his plans. He would give a dinner in his apartment the next evening. Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham would plan to come directly there from another social engagement, necessitating Elinor's meeting them at the apartment. Then Muriel would phone that she couldn't possibly make it, owing to a sudden headache.

THE next evening the butler had his orders to see that a perfect dinner was served—and to retire after the coffee. Paul, of course, was not to show himself. He came in just a few minutes before Elinor was expected with the news that he had secured his employer's steamship ticket for South America on the boat that sailed from Bordeaux at nine the next morning.

"You haven't changed your mind about letting me go with you?" he queried anxiously.

"No, Paul, I shall go alone," the other repeated his previous decision.

"It distresses me to see you start off again without me," Paul commented. "I can still get another ticket, you know."

(Continued on page 26)

HELPING HEARTS CLUB

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

Are you busy, little pals, big pals, golden-haired, brown-haired and redheads, sending those pictures in for the "Miss Columbia" contest? Don't wait until the last minute to visit Mr. Photographer. Sometimes the first results are disappointing and you have to "sit" all over again and I want all my family to have an equal chance to win that thrilling week in Hollywood and the opportunity to win permanent screen fame as "Miss Columbia". Many of life's good things depend upon being ready when the lucky break comes. The contract calls for a week's work but you never can tell what that week may lead to—that is, if you are ready. Read the contest announcement on page one and then ACT. If you want your photographs returned, you must accompany them by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, large enough to carry them.

And, pals, when you move, won't you tell me about it? I have a drawerful of returned letters marked "Not Here". Remember, the writers are watching every mail for answers and wondering and wondering why they are not forthcoming. That's it, be good children and pay strict attention to the requests of your

Rosemary Lee.

* * *

Here are Sally Starr and Johnny Arthur in a heart and surrounded by others. The happy smiles are the ones they are wearing in Columbia Pictures' "Personality".

Dear Miss Lee:

I have just been reading the Moving Picture Stories and your Helping Hearts Club interests me immensely. Will you please let another lonesome girl join?

I am twenty years old, have brown hair and brown eyes, am five feet four inches tall, weigh about 125 pounds, and, as you have probably already guessed, have dimples. That is why my nick-name is such as it is.

I work in a factory in this city and attend business college two nights a week, and I hope some day to be a stenographer instead of a factory employee. My parents live about twenty miles from here so I can't stay at home. That is why I'm so lonely.

I just love to write letters but best of all I love to receive them. Won't everybody write to me? I promise to answer all the letters I receive and try to make all of you happy—as happy as I shall be.

Sincerely yours,
Dimples of Indiana.

I am so glad, Dimples, that you are studying to prepare yourself for a better "job". That's the spirit that wins. It must be lonely for you away from home and letters will certainly be a great comfort to you. You write a very pretty hand.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I think your Helping Hearts Club is wonderful and I would like very much to become a member.

I have many friends and a few correspondents, but would like a real pen pal. I enjoy receiving and answering letters.

I would like to hear from Just a Colleen from the Middle West, Tom of N. J., John of Maryland, also any others who would care to write. All letters will be welcome and answered.

Am twenty-four years old, have brown hair, blue eyes and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds.

Wishing you every success and hoping that I shall be able to enter your club,

Sally of the Bay State.

Another patient child! Why not write to the pen pals with whom you would like to correspond? I know they will be glad to hear from you.

My dear Miss Lee:

I saw a copy of Moving Picture Stories today for the first time in my life, and you just can't imagine how interested I am in your corner. I wonder if you can help me to find some really sincere friends. I have not met a man yet that could be sincere or tell the truth. But, surely, there are some somewhere that can.

I am seventeen years old, about five feet four inches tall and am slender. I have dark brown eyes and dark brown hair. I don't like petting, smoking and drinking as I think one can have a good time without them. Neither have I any use for boys that think they can't write a letter to a girl without filling it with a lot of mushy talk. I would like to correspond with some nice pals though. I would love to hear from pals in California but you from other states don't hesitate as I want to hear from all of you—girls, too. Boys, don't be afraid to write as I am really a good sport. I want a perfect deluge of letters from everywhere.

Miss Lee, I can hardly wait until I begin to get answers to this, so please don't disappoint me.

Dark Brown Eyes
from Florida.

You poor dear, you certainly have been patient but I am sure your reward will be on its way in the next mail.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I am a reader of your magazine and I would like to know if I may join your Helping Hearts Club.

I am a girl—sixteen. I have medium brown hair, medium brown eyes, am five feet, two inches tall, have dimples and am of Jewish descent. I love to dance and play tennis and other sports. I would like to correspond with some one of Jewish faith like myself. I am considered good-looking, although I wear glasses. I would like to hear from Ann of Jersey or Little One or from other girls or boys, quite a few, for I am lonesome. I hope you will find some one for me. I will answer all letters that I receive.

Thanking you very much, I remain

Libby of Milwaukee.

Libby types beautifully, pals.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

My first copy of M. P. S. introduced your H. H. C. to me. May I join it and be one of the many pen pals?

I am fifteen years of age, a blonde with deep blue eyes. My fair and smooth complexion is kept so by lots of exercise in the fresh air.

I would like to hear from both sexes that are under twenty-five years of age.

I like to dance and swim, fish and travel; in fact, I am "Crying for the Carolinas". My frequent visits do not seem to satisfy my yearning for the good old South.

Hoping to hear from some of the pals, I am,

Your sincere friend,
Emily of Washington, D. C.

My goodness, what a very old lady you are, Emily! But, then, there are many old ladies—and gentlemen, too—just your age in our happy family and I know they'll be delighted to hear about your beautiful Washington. The cherry blossoms will be in bloom soon—or, perhaps, they are waiting for me to go down and pull them out.

(Continued on page 28)

Lives of the Great

(Continued from page 21)

Alva started to reduce. With the ten pounds gone, dressed in her best, with Alva changed to Alice, she went with her manager to the First National Studio. When she left, she had a contract—and she had not even taken a screen test, to say nothing of never having acted before the camera before.

Her first role was with Milton Sills in "The Sea Tiger". This was followed by a long period of inactivity. Then the exhibitors' reports on the picture began to come in and their general trend was: "That White girl has something!"

From that time the spectacular rise of the unknown script girl began. She played minor roles at First National, then was lent for a part in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes". Then came featured roles in "The Big Noise" with Chester Conklin, in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy", "Mad Hour" and "Harold Teen". The last named picture resulted in her getting a starring contract.

Her first starring picture was J. P. McEvoy's "Show Girl". This was followed by "Naughty Baby" and "Hot Stuff".

By this time the talkies had arrived. The little ex-script girl took lessons in elocution, dancing and singing. She studied roles nights and worked before the camera days.

When "Broadway Babies" was written as the big singing, dancing and talking special for First National-Vitaphone, Alice White stepped into the role, sang and danced and led an experienced chorus of fifty dancing girls.

She now lives in a small apartment in Hollywood and has one maid. Her automobile is a medium-priced car, but her clothes, exclusive of screen attire, cost her a tidy sum. She owns several lovely diamonds which she never wears. Her one article of jewelry is a slave bracelet worn on her ankle. She will never accumulate a library of first or second editions. She is frank and outspoken almost to a fault—but, if she has anything to say to you, she says it to you and not to some one else.

The First National star was a red-head, and now—for cinematic reasons—is a blonde. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs 99 pounds. She is a splendid photographic subject.

Alice White has had a number of beaux and she expects to have a lot more. In the past year, she has been in love with a stunt aviator, a cameraman, a screen star and a business man. She likes a good time off the screen and on. She enjoys dancing, riding horseback and motoring over mountain roads. She is a good business woman and saves a part of every week's salary.

"I am not going to ring any more doorbells for real estate agents," she says.

The Furies

(Continued from page 15)

this sweetheart of her youth. Tonight you exposed him to her before all her friends."

"For years I have known all about McDonald," the lawyer said slowly. "That is one reason why I did all in my power to keep her married to Sands. Tonight I had to awaken her to reality."

"Fifi knows now that the man she loved never really existed," Cummings assured him. "She is grateful for the awakening and she's concerned only with what is in her boy's mind. He thinks his mother is shielding a murderer."

"The world would be better off without McDonald, whether he did it or not," Bedlow said indifferently.

"Fifi is waiting," Cummings told him quietly. But Bedlow shook his head. He did not want to see her.

Then the doctor went to the door, motioned Fifi to enter and left the two alone. The girl begged Bedlow to forgive her outburst of the early evening and, for the sake of his friendship for her husband, to clear her in the eyes of her son. At first Bedlow remained untouched by her pleas but finally consented to help her on condition that she would give up McDonald. She readily promised, adding that Dr. Cummings had instructed him to follow them to the apartment in case Bedlow had anything to say to him. The next moment Owen arrived and the lawyer left them alone together.

"I think it's a great mistake to come crawling back to him after what happened tonight," Owen told her. "I don't trust him."

"I've got to trust him for Alan's sake," Fifi explained. "I can't save you without giving up my son, so I must let you go. But, before you go, you must stop hating me."

"I don't hate you but I'm bitter," he returned. "They were all so ready to believe there's nothing I wouldn't do for money."

"I know it wasn't for the money," Fifi asured him, "it was for me. You thought it was the only way."

"I suppose men are expected to lie for women," he went on, "but I'm not like that. I'm not romantic enough to protect any woman who would do that, no matter what she may have been to me before. Death is too awful."

"Then you didn't do it?" she questioned wonderingly.

"You know I didn't."

It was a moment before the significance of his words sank into her mind, then she cried in amazement:

"You really think I killed my husband?"

"You didn't know what you were doing at the time," he excused her.

Then, for the first time, the man she had loved for so many years stood revealed in his true selfishness.

"You didn't protect me," she said as if to herself, "and I would have given up my life to save yours."

"Then, if you really thought I did it, you didn't do it, either."

"No," Fifi told him, "but that's not important now. I will do everything in my power to prove you innocent and I know Mr. Bedlow will help me. Goodby, Owen."

"Goodby," he returned. "I'm sorry you found me wanting."

When Bedlow came back to the room, he found Fifi telephoning to Dr. Cummings to bring Alan to the apartment.

"Owen McDonald did not kill my husband," she told him. "Knowing that, changes the feeling I had which was close to guilt. Now I'm free to hold out my hands and show the world there is no blood on them. Thank you for being fair to me tonight. Why haven't you always been like that?"

"How could I be fair to you when you've always been so prejudiced against me?" His eyes held hers and in their depths was a strange gleam that frightened her.

"What is it?" she questioned, trying to make her voice sound natural. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Oh, my dear," he said, putting his hand on her arm, "I've loved you so long, so hopelessly. Is it possible you never knew?"

"I never knew, I never knew," she murmured.

"Oh, wait a moment." With the expression of a child about to reveal some hidden treasure, he went to a cabinet, brought out a jewel case and, unlocking it, held before her gaze an array of pearls and precious stones. "Your husband never troubled to find you pearls like these," he said. "I've been collecting them for you for years. Come and look at them."

"No, no, not now," she protested. "Put them away, please."

"Very well," he said docilely, seating himself beside her. "Thank you for not laughing at me." His eyes rested on her face hungrily. "Do you still love McDonald?"

"I only want you to save him, not because I love him but because I want to be free of him. Whatever affection I had for him is gone."

A great relief came into his eyes.

"You may go now. I want you to go before anything you may say or I may say can mar the beauty of this moment."

"Good night and thank you." She turned to the door but found it locked.

"Try this one," he suggested, pointing to the other end of the room. But that also was locked. She gazed up at him, her eyes wide with questioning—and fear. "The servants' stairway through my bedroom."

She ran quickly up the stairs but the next moment came hurrying down again.

"That's locked, too," she said. "What's wrong? Who has locked these doors?"

Bedlow looked at her curiously.

"My butler is a sort of keeper," he said slowly, "although this has never happened to me before, locking me in. Oh, yes, once about a year ago when I—" From a room above came the sound of weird music. "Do you hear her? That's my sister, playing and talking to her violin, talking as though it were a child. That's why I've never been able to ask you to this house. That's why I kept you married to John Sands.

That's why I've never been able to tell you of my love. Are you afraid of me now?" Fifi forced a scarcely audible, "No," through her white lips.

"That's right. Don't be afraid of me. The butler thought I was alone when he locked me in. Please take off your hat." Gently he removed it from her head. "Now wear these jewels for me." A cloud seemed to come before his eyes and his face contracted with pain as he put his hand up to his head. "Oh, you know it's only when the world closes in too tightly on me and my nerves coil up—but the thought of you drives away the darkness. You haven't laughed at me and you're not afraid of me. Perhaps God has taken pity on my hunchbacked soul at last."

He moved over to the cabinet and from it took a revolver. Fifi crouched back in fear. Then her eyes caught the initials "J. S." on the handle.

"You did it!" she gasped.

"Yes. Does it matter? Your husband told me you were going out of his life and out of mine and I couldn't bear it. He telephoned me a few minutes after you left. I went right over. The door was open. I saw his revolver. You—you won't forsake me now, Fifi? Why, you are crying," he added wonderingly, the clouded look returning to his eyes. "The world that makes you cry is not fit to live in. Let's cheat it." He took her hand and tried to pull her toward the open window. "Are you afraid?" he questioned as she resisted him.

"Ring for your butler," she commanded, realizing that she was at the mercy of a man who was a victim of periodic insanity and trying to dominate him by the force of her will.

"No, no," he protested, pulling her back as she tried to reach the bell.

"Don't look at me like that," she cried as he fixed his maddened eyes on her.

"So you are afraid of me, after all?" he said, the disappointment of a child overshadowing his face.

"No," she told him gently, "but you're not yourself now."

"Sh, come!" Again he tried to draw her to the window. At that moment from the hall outside came the call, "Mr. Bedlow! Mr. Bedlow!" and Fifi recognized the voice of Dr. Cummings.

"Quick, Paul, quick!" she cried. "Unlock the door!"

As Bedlow heard the key turn in the lock, he bent toward her with a smile from which all semblance of sanity had departed.

"I can't live without you, so, God help me, I'm going alone."

Before Doctor Cummings could reach him as he stood poised on the window sill, he leaped forward and dashed to the street, twenty stories below.

A YEAR passed. One lovely spring day Paul and Fifi stopped their car at the parade ground of a military school to watch the drilling of a group of young students. Suddenly one detached himself from the line and ran over to the car.

"My, how fine my big soldier looks!" Fifi smiled at him proudly.

"Have you any extra duty this week, Alan?" Dr. Cummings inquired.

"No, indeed," the boy replied joyfully. "I wanted too much to go home with you and mother."

"All right, hurry along. We'll wait," Fifi promised.

"He's a fine boy, Fifi," Paul commented as they watched him run across the field.

"I think so," she smiled happily, "As our son should be."

Such Men Are Dangerous

(Continued from page 22)

"But I need you to look after things here. Next time, perhaps." And the secretary had to content himself with this half promise.

Everything went off as Pierre had planned. To be sure, when Muriel phoned that she could not possibly be present, Elinor suggested going to the Ritz but her host finally persuaded her to dine at his apartment. After the coffee, she rose to take her leave.

"I must thank you for a perfect evening," she said, extending her hand.

"But it's not over yet," Pierre told her. "I want it to be even more perfect. Tonight must be the most wonderful night in my life because it may be the last we shall ever spend together. I received a cable today, calling me back to South America. I'm sailing in the morning."

"How long will you be gone?" Elinor tried to keep her voice from betraying her disappointment.

"Oh, I don't know—perhaps a year—perhaps five—I may never return."

"And is this your idea of a perfect evening?" she reproached him.

"You can make it so," he told her.

"How?" she asked wonderingly.

"By the right answer to the question I'm going to ask you. Today, when I went to the steamship office to arrange for my ticket, I suddenly realized what it all meant to me, that I was probably putting you out of my life forever, and the thought was so cruel that it was all I could do not to buy another ticket and try to persuade you to go with me. Would it have been any use?"

"I don't see how," Elinor answered slowly.

"But would you like to come?" he persisted.

"You shouldn't ask that." Her eyes dropped before the eagerness in his.

"But I must ask it, dear, because I'm going away for a long time, perhaps forever, and I can't go without knowing what's in your heart."

"You haven't told me what's in yours."

"Do I have to tell you that?" he reproached. "Surely, you must have seen from the very first that all my thoughts were of you. You couldn't help knowing how I cared for you, how I wanted to take you in my arms, how I waited for the moment when you would kiss me and say you love me."

"I do love you, Pierre," she told

(Continued on page 27)

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON One Hundred and Six (Reviewed)

Do You Really Like Tragedy on the Screen?

A CORRESPONDENT who wishes to be unknown writes this week a defence of tragedy, "Because life is a tragedy when all is said and we want realism on the screen, don't we?" He also asks, "Why is it that all the writers of advice to playwrights say that, if one hopes for a sale, one must write comedy or melodrama?"

As to my own personal preference in screen plays, I'm with the writers he refers to. I like comedy or melodrama or just plain drama, but not tragedy. That doesn't mean that, if a death is necessary in the course of the plot, I want the doomed character to live and spoil the play, but it means that I do not like plays that are tragedies in themselves, ones in which the whole theme, not one particular happening, is tragic.

Let us hear what A. B. Walkley, a well-known writer on the drama of the legitimate stage, has to say of the gradual trend toward other than tragic themes and treatment, for I think what this writer says applies equally to plays written for the screen.

"We may begin to reckon confidently on the disappearance of tragedy. Tragedy was the art of primitive man, reflecting his ferocity, his preoccupation with physical suffering (gouged eyes, flayed skins, mutilated limbs), his exaggerated interest in death, his terror of the unknown and the unseen."

And he says that Rousseau's explanation of why earlier people liked tragedy was that they enjoyed seeing others suffer without suffering themselves.

Be that as it may, this writer concludes:

"We do not easily endure tragedy today," and, "Evidently, tragedy will be the first of the dramatic categories to go by the board."

I think this is true and I hope it may be satisfactory to my correspondent as some explanation of why the popularity of tragedy has waned.

To quote my unknown correspondent over again: "Life is a tragedy when all is said."

Now, is that true? Because all life ends in death doesn't necessarily make it a tragedy. We get a chance to live in this rather glorious world and, when we are through, we pass on. Most of us, I take it, of whatever belief, have some hope that death isn't total extinction. Maybe, as one poet says, it may be quite a pleasant state, or, as he puts it:

"What Life is to the Living,
Death is to the Dead."

Anyway, it seems to me that not all of us will agree with this unknown about life's being in reality a tragedy. A lot of us worry along and have quite a good time, even though we don't always sell all the photoplays we'd like to—eh? We "hope on, hope ever" and have a good time by the way.

And, if the unknown really wants to write acceptable screen plays, I think you'll agree with me in advising him to revise his outlook on life and any tragedies he may have written for the screen.

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Such Men Are Dangerous

(Continued from page 26)

him frankly, "but, you see, I am not free."

"But your husband—he's dead, isn't he?"

"Maybe, maybe not," she returned slowly. "His body has never been found and the law says I must wait six more years."

"If by any chance he were alive, would you still feel the same about me?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course, Pierre," she told him. "He never meant anything to me."

"Then why, why did you—"

"Please, it's hopeless to try to make you understand. You didn't know Ludwig Kranz."

"Why do you say that?" he questioned sharply. "How do you know I didn't? Have I ever told you that I didn't know him?"

"Why, no," Elinor returned, surprised by both his tone and his manner. "I just assumed it."

"Perhaps you've assumed too much," he told her sternly. "Perhaps I understand the situation better than you ever suspected. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kranz and I were rather closely associated. I have been told that we even resemble each other. Do you see any similarity?"

He bent over and fixed his eyes on hers and for some unaccountable reason she felt a chill of fear come over her.

"Why, no—no," she gasped, drawing away from him.

"Look closely," he commanded, bending nearer. "They say it's rather marked. You see nothing familiar about my face? Oh, no, of course not—the face tells nothing. But the eyes—look closely—look into my eyes. Are

Have You These Symptoms of NERVE Exhaustion?

Do you get excited easily?

Do you become fatigued after slight exertion?

Are your hands and feet cold?

Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble?

Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams?

Have you spells of irritability?

Are you often gloomy and pessimistic?

Do you suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, ringing in the ears, dizzy spells?

These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of peaple of their youth and health.

What Causes Sick Nerves?

WOMEN In women this is largely due to over-active emotions, and to the constant turmoil in their domestic and marital relations.

MEN In men, these signs of nerve exhaustion are produced as a result of worries, intense concentration, excesses and vices. The mad pace at which we are traveling is wrecking the entire Nervous Organization.

How to Strengthen Your Nerves

No tonic or magic system of exercises can ever restore the health and vigor to weak, sick, unbalanced nerves. To regenerate lost nerve force, to build up strong, sound nerves, requires an understanding of the action and abuses of nerves. It needs a knowledge of the natural laws of nerve fatigue, of mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. And it is only through the application of these laws that stubborn cases of Nerve Exhaustion can be overcome.

Read this Wonder Book

Based upon many years of intensive experience and study, the famous author, Richard Blackstone, has written a remarkable book, entitled "New Nerves for Old." In plain language he gives certain easy-to-follow rules that have enabled thousands of men and women to regain their lost nervous energy and to acquire glowing health and youthful vitality. It enables you to correctly diagnose your own case and shows you how to bring back your lost nervous vitality.

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you sure there's nothing in them that reminds you of—"

She interrupted him with a scream of terror:

"Ludwig!"

"That's right." The smile that curled his lips was not pleasant to see. "How does it feel to be in love with Ludwig Kranz?"

"But I'm not," she flashed. "I was in love with Pierre Villard. Pierre is gone. Ludwig Kranz has come back and I have even more contempt for him than ever."

"You have contempt for him? But what about the money he gave you?" he asked sharply.

"You would think that!" There was scorn in her voice as her eyes flashed angrily into his. "Money is still your soul. But let me tell you I haven't used a penny of that money. You can have it tomorrow."

"But you—" He gazed questioningly at the expensive evening gown she was wearing, the same one he had admired at Durand's that afternoon.

"I know," she answered his unspoken question. "You saw me at Durand's, ordering dozens of gowns. Why? Because I work there. My job is to set the styles. This is the only gown I ever bought there and I did it because you—no, because Pierre admired it. How you could have become Pierre Villard I can never understand, Pierre who was so thoughtful, so tender and so kind, and you who bought me as you bought everything else you wanted. You thought I ran away from your ugly face—it was your ugly soul that terrified me, a soul that thought love was made up of jewels and check books—sent to me by your secretary. Oh, how I hate you!"

"Elinor, if you hate me now," he began slowly, "you'll hate me even more when I finish. I told you the truth about one thing. This was to be the most wonderful night of my life, the night when I was going to humiliate you even more deeply than you had humiliated me. For a year I planned it. Those months at the hospital, I forgot the pain by thinking only of my revenge. I would change my face, I would make you love me, I would make you give yourself to me and then I would laugh at your love. The moment came, just as I had planned. The revenge was before me. I had only to take it—but I could not. Something stronger than revenge stopped me, something stronger than my wounded pride. I could not harm you—because I love you." He bowed his head and his hands dropped to his side. "That's all. You may go."

"Pierre." She was very close to him now.

"Pierre?" he repeated wonderingly.

"Yes," she whispered. "You're not Ludwig Kranz. He would have taken his revenge. You're Pierre, my Pierre."

"You couldn't love me now," he exclaimed wonderingly.

"I couldn't help loving you."

His arms went about her and his eyes were flooded with a glad, happy light.

"Elinor, oh, I've been such a fool." He paused a moment, then reached for the phone. "Paul," he laughed boyishly when the connection was made, "you can get that other ticket."

"Oh, then I'm going with you?" came the happy answer over the wire.

"No, you're not going."

Ludwig Kranz placed the receiver on the hook and a smile that was mischievous, wistful, curled his lips as his eyes met those of the girl in his arms.

Helping Hearts Club

(Continued from page 24)

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I like your name. I hope you look the way I have you pictured.

I want to join your club and would like members to write to me. But perhaps they will like to know what sort of person they are writing to. I am five feet five, twenty years old and have dark hair and brown eyes. I like most outdoor sports (swimming especially) and love to read.

Betty of Washington.

Welcome, Betty! I do hope I come up to your pictured ideal. But, then, what is a look or two among pals?

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Dearest Rosemary Lee:

I want you to know that you are exactly "dearest to me. I certainly feel as if I've known you all the while. I enjoy your Helping Hearts Club and the number of letters printed in each issue, but I have never ventured to write you or answer any letters. I have decided finally to become a member of your wonderful club. This little magazine has been my Pal on many a gloomy day.

My age is eighteen. I am five feet two inches tall and weigh about 112 lbs. My hair is medium brown and wavy and I have dark brown eyes. There are a number of outdoor sports I participate in, my favorites being tennis, swimming, skating. I like ball games and enjoy dancing and a good book now and then.

I'll be looking forward to seeing my letter printed in a future issue of the magazine. You see, although I am a senior at "Hi" and a member of several of the school clubs, I want oodles and oodles of letters from either sex from all parts of the globe. So hurry and write, readers, for I truly promise to answer all of your letters if it takes me a lifetime.

With every success for the H. H. Club and the wish that it may live for its friends the world over, not forgetting further success to our expert conductor, Rosemary Lee,

Yours Sincerely,
Sally of Scotia.

Well, Sally, I'm sure you're going to receive all the letters you can answer without taking too much time away from your studies.

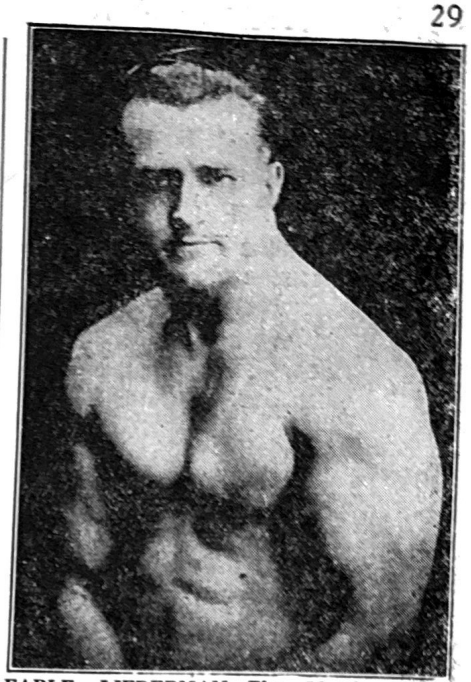
Vengeance

(Continued from page 9)

with the menacing beating, they heard the crackle of wood, the spurt of flames as the enraged tribe threw fresh fuel on the fire.

"Doctor, for God's sake, can't you stop them?" Summers demanded, his bravado finally forsaking him.

"Nothing can stop them now," the Doctor told him solemnly.



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Kill This Man!

There's a devil inside of you. He's trying to kill you. Look out for him! He tells you not to work so hard. What's the use—the boss only piles more work on you. He tells you not to bother with your body. Do you recognize him? Of course you do. He's in us all. He's a murderer of ambition. He's a liar and a fool. Kill him! If you don't he will kill you.

Saved!

Thank your lucky stars you have another man inside of you. He's the human dynamo. He fills you full of pep and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He urges you on in your daily tasks. He makes you strive for bigger and better things to do. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teaches you that the weak fall by the wayside, but the strong succeed. He shows you that exercise builds live tissue—live tissue is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success! That's what you want, and gosh darn your old hide, you're going to get it.

Which Man Will It Be?

It's up to you—Set your own future. You want to be the Human Dynamo? Fine! Well, let's get busy. That's where I come in. That's my job. Here's what I'll do for you.

In just 30 days I'll increase your arm one full inch with real, live, animated muscle. Yes, and I'll add two inches to your chest in the same time. Pretty good, eh? That's nothing. Now come the works. I'll build up your shoulders. I'll deepen your chest. I'll strengthen your whole body. I'll give you arms and legs like pillars. I'll literally pack muscle up your stomach and down your back. Meanwhile I'll work on those inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. You'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old backbone and throughout your entire system. You'll feel so full of life, you will shout to the world, "I'm a man and I can prove it."

Sounds good, what? But listen! That isn't all. I'm **not** just promising these things. I **guarantee them!** It's a sure bet. Oh boy! Let's ride.

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"What do they want?" the terrified man gasped.

"You're learning the law of the jungle," he told him, "vengeance, blood for their blood—they want you. Come on, Ambassador, we're leaving." He turned to his friend.

"Let me go with you," Summers begged hysterically.

"Not with us," the Doctor replied. "You couldn't get by those maddened natives. Nothing could save you from their fury."

Skirting the campfire about which swarmed the blacks, the voodoo man in their midst, occupied in placing a helmet on a clay image of Summers, they hurried away toward the jungle, the mumbled barbaric incantations of the enraged tribe ringing in their ears. On and on they plunged into the dense foliage, their clothing torn, their arms and legs bleeding from the pricks of tropical growths. For fifty miles around, the very ground seemed alive with the incessant beating of tom-toms. Finally, exhausted, they sank down to rest in a clearing. Suddenly, through an opening in the foliage, they spied a little group of figures.

"It's Meadham! It's Meadham!" the Ambassador cried, hurrying forward eagerly, the Doctor close at his heels.

"What's happened?" Meadham asked anxiously as the two ran up to him. "I heard the tom-toms and doubled back on my tracks."

"When Summers found out"—the Doctor glanced significantly at Margaret—"he shot Slowie. The natives are in a frenzy of rage. They'll kill him for sure."

"You left him?" Meadham asked, grimly disapproving.

"Why should we risk our lives?" the Ambassador defended.

Meadham looked into Margaret's pale face and read in her eyes her unspoken plea.

"I'm going back. Perhaps there is still time," he decided.

AFTER the departure of the other two men, Summers had barricaded the door and turned on the phonograph to drown the sound of the tom-toms, the weird incantations of the

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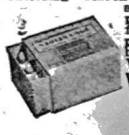

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menacing natives, then, supposing he was safe from attack, he had staggered to his room and flung himself across the bed. He did not hear the black creep up the ladder and through the window, nor did he know that anyone had entered the room. Suddenly he sat up with a hoarse cry, pulled open his shirt and found a large vicious-looking thorn sticking into his side. With trembling hands he pulled it out and tossed it away in horror. He knew only too well what it portended. When the returning party broke down the barricade, they found him writhing on the floor of the living-room.

"They got me! They got me!" he screamed as Margaret rushed over and knelt beside him. "Margaret, Margaret, it's getting dark—I'm afraid—I'm afraid." Then blindly he groped for Meadham's hand. "You were right," he said weakly. "I've been a fool. I never should have brought her here. It's no place for a white woman. I've been a fool—"

His words ended in a gasp. The poisoned thorn had done its work.

A FEW days later, John Meadham stood beside the safari but his bags were unpacked now and it was the Doctor who was saying farewell to the jungle.

"Take care of her, Doctor," he said, nodding at the pale-faced girl who stood by his side.

"Depend upon me, old chap," his friend replied, gripping his hand in sincere affection.

There was the last minute bustle among the natives and Meadham helped Margaret into the safari.

"I'll be counting the minutes until you come back, until you come home," she whispered, raising brimming eyes to his.

"Goodby, dear," he said tenderly. "I'll come just as soon as I can."

The blacks lifted the safari and started on the journey to the coast. Meadham and the Ambassador were silent as they stood

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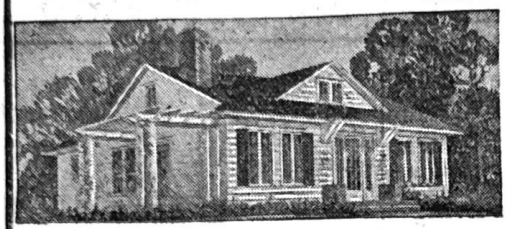

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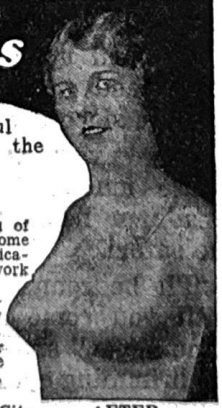

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looking after them, waving their helmets in farewell.

THE shack was strangely, weirdly desolate that night. Even the Ambassador was quiet. He had never realized how much he would miss the man with whom he had quarrelled, played and quaffed liquor every night during those long, dreary years. Perhaps Meadham would have a game of cards with him. He glanced over at the silent figure sitting at the desk opposite—and then decided not to ask him. Meadham's eyes were fastened on the paper before him with an expression in which longing and hope were equally mingled as he wrote to the West African Trading Company back home in London:

"The unfortunate death of Mr. Charles Summers necessitates my staying until relief can be sent. Please be advised that I expect a man down by the very first boat."

Then he picked up a wisp of a handkerchief that Margaret had dropped and pressed it against his face. The familiar perfume brought her back to him in that lonely room and, with a wistful smile, he folded the dainty square of linen and tenderly tucked it away in his pocket.

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Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ethel Rosemon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the Moving Picture Stories and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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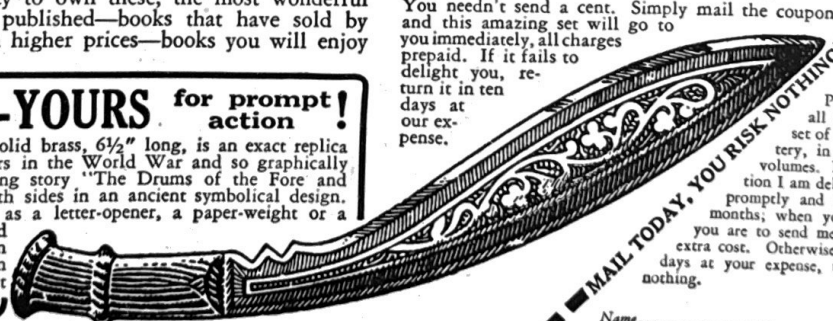

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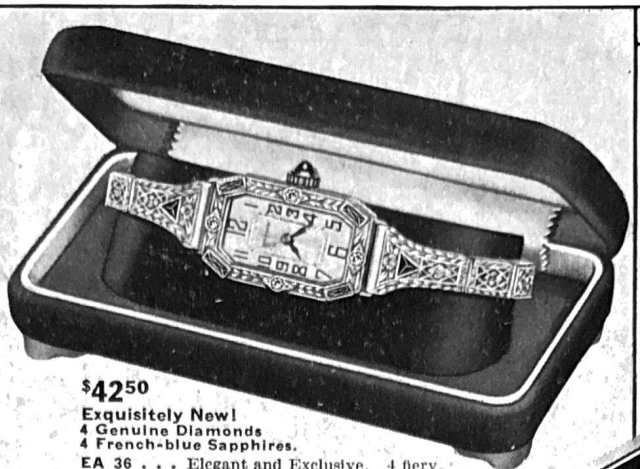

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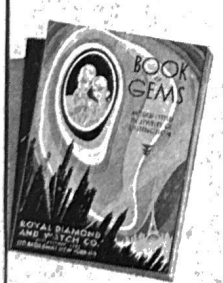

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EA 19 . . . Nationally advertised tested and regulated 15-jewel **Waltham** movement; 20-year warranted engraved White Gold filled, 12 size, thin model; decagon case. White gold filled knife and fine Waldemar chain. All complete in handsome gift case. $2.21 a month.

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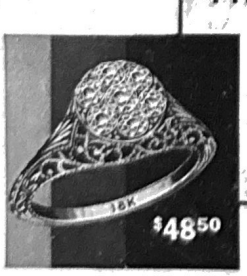
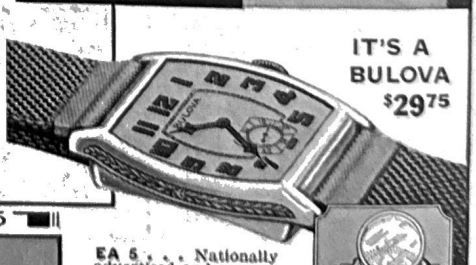
EA 10 . . . Latest lace design mounting of exquisitely hand pierced 18K Solid White Gold. Set with 3 fiery, genuine blue-white diamonds and 2 French-blue sapphires. $3.46 a month.



EA 12 . . . Dazzling cluster of 7 expertly matched genuine blue-white diamonds; hand pierced 18K Solid White Gold, lady's mounting. Looks like a $750 solitaire. Big value. Only $3.96 a month.



EA 5 . . . Nationally advertised and guaranteed 15-jewel Gent's **Bulova** watch. White gold filled case, "dust-tite" protector; radium dial and hands; latest style woven wrist band to match. $2.39 a month.

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